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Hugh Gaitskell: COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

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D-Day in the Furniture Trade

LAST Monday, Mr. Butler sent the furniture traders over the top into the no-man's-land of uncontrolled free competition. The Treasury, no doubt, is pleased by this offensive, for the Utility scheme excluded the bulk of furniture production from purchase tax, while the D-scheme at least holds the promise of increased revenue. But the change is not popular either with the industry or with the public. It will make life harder for many smaller manufacturers; it adds new uncertainties to a trade that has had a difficult year; and, so far as consumers are concerned, it abolishes price control, increases the burden of taxation and removes the statutory guarantees of quality that Utility so long provided.

Utility was a brilliant conception. It was originally intended to ensure that cheap and well-designed furniture should be produced by small manufacturers who, for one reason or another, could not secure war contracts. Its exemption from purchase tax meant that most of the industry switched to Utility models in the post-war years. But the scheme was gradually whittled away. Freedom of design—within certain limits—was restored some time ago. More "variation licences" were granted to manufacturers who wished to introduce new models, new methods and new materials. There is no doubt that the rather rigid specifications laid down in the Utility regulations were acting as a brake on the industry, though they did serve as a safeguard for the consumer. And so long as such regulations provided the only effective means of control, the choice lay between Utility standards and none.

At the very moment when a new system of testing quality has become available, the Government has decided to throw overboard the whole of the Utility scheme, rather than amend that part of it which has been made technically obsolete. Revenue apart, there is no good reason for increasing the tax burden. The removal of price control—which means higher profit margins—is better justified by Conservative social philosophy than by actual trade conditions. And the decision to encourage the use of the "kite" mark, showing that a product has passed the tests of the British Standards Institution, depends for success upon the degree to which the industry and the Board of Trade together make furniture-buyers "kite-conscious."

The new proposals, however, could be amended to provide a better and more flexible Utility scheme, and it would be sensible for the Labour Party to take this line, rather than to argue for a return to Utility as it was. For the industry has now agreed that "performance tests" of its products are a more reliable guide to quality than rigid controls on the raw materials used, the method of construction and the final dimensions. Two Utility chairs, for instance, may be built to the old designs and thus qualify for the Utility mark. But one may pass a "performance test" and the other may fail.

From now on it is for the manufacturer to decide whether he submits his goods to the test and thus earns the right to stamp them with the "kite." But the new scheme is to be voluntary, and it will work only if retailers and consumers stage a buyers' strike against un-marked furniture. There may, indeed, be an interval of some months before "kite" products begin to flow on to the market, and the consumer should be on guard during this period against unmarked "shoddy," which some unscrupulous makers are already preparing to push into the shops.

How may flexibility be retained in the industry without denying proper protection to the public? First, price-control must be restored. Secondly, the D level must be raised considerably. It is at present fixed as a "median" price. But most furniture was tax-free until this week, and therefore the "median" price will stand far above the "average" price. The new proposals will make expensive furniture much cheaper, but the furniture that most people buy will be dearer. The new and ingenious method of calculating tax could sensibly be retained, but more furniture must fall into the categories free of any tax. Thirdly, the Government must require that all furniture be marked with the maker's trading name and address—the surest way of bringing home the responsibility for poor products. Finally,

the "performance test" should be the standard of quality. There are difficulties in the way of giving statutory authority to the work of the British Standards Institution. But there is no reason why official publicity should not be given to its findings, or why submission to its tests should not be made the condition of entry to any new Utility scheme. On these conditions the social benefits of Utility could be saved, its form improved, and its technical standards raised in the consumer's interest.

Insolvency and Defence

The negative seems to have figured largely in the discussions and conclusions of the Ministers attending, first, the O.E.E.C. Council and later the North Atlantic Council meetings in Paris. They were given a discouraging start by the annual review prepared by the O.E.E.C. Secretariat: this disclosed that no member Government now holds to its promise to raise production by 25 per cent. in 1952-56, and that, on the most sanguine calculation, total output, at the end of 1954, will be barely 7 per cent. above its 1951 level. In fact, the whole tenor of the review was that the European economy is threatened with stagnation or decline, as the result of reciprocal import cuts due, in turn, to the basic shortage of dollars. In the Secretariat's opinion, "off-shore" American purchases of armaments in Europe afford only a precarious respite: there is no radical solution in sight unless the U.S. invests abroad in underdeveloped areas on a huge scale, Britain switches her output to meet more accurately the real needs of export markets, and France brings her prices into equilibrium with those of the rest of the world. Faced with this report, the Ministers apparently decided that the idea of a World Economic Conference was distinctly premature —at least until there had been preliminary soundings with the incoming U.S. Administration. As for interim remedial measures, no way seems to have been found of reconciling the obvious conflict between the Continent's desire for more "liberal" exports and Britain's insistence, stressed once more by Mr. Eden, on import restrictions to "save the pound."

The Nato Council also failed to take any significant positive decisions. The Anglo-American rift over the Mediterranean was papered over by an arrangement under which Lord Mountbatten will have responsibility for "sea communications," while Admiral Carney (under the Supreme Allied Commander) will operate independently his American Sixth Fleet in support of land operations. How this dyarchy is to be fitted into any future Middle East defence scheme is a moot point. For the rest, Lord Ismay had to report that standardisation of arms was progressing slowly, and General Ridgway told the Council that he was still not satisfied with the forces at his disposal: the 50 divisions proclaimed at Lisbon as the December 1952 target were still, he said, "more like 35." But the Ministers, chastened by the depressing estimates of O.E.E.C., were content to take the view that security could not be achieved at the price of insolvency; that immediate Russian intentions did not include a hot war in Europe; that Britain's scaling down of Defence expenditure gave an example which other member States could not help following; and that, in any case, no firm decision about the future strength of Western forces in Europe could be taken until Mr. Eisenhower was in the White House and it was known whether Bonn and Paris would ratify the E.D.C. Agreements.

Kenya in the Commons

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton has done something to atone for his choice of Sir Hugh Dow as Chairman of the new Commission on land in East Africa. Mr. Arthur Gaitskell, famous for his management of the Sudan Gezira Scheme, is a first-class man for the job. Mr. Jack and several other members of the Commission are also experts with the right kind of experience. Chief Kidaha Makwaia, a young African of real promise, shows considerable courage in accepting the nomination. It is to be hoped that men of this calibre will realise that what the nation expects of them is not another elaborate report upon the complexities of African land tenure (important though these are) or upon the inherited tribal rites in certain areas (troublesome though they may be), or even upon the questions of White and Black claims over disputed territory (deeply felt though these are). What we need are expert suggestions, produced as speedily as possible, about what land can be profitably passed over for African cultivation, provided specific sums of money are spent on boring for water and making the necessary roads. Overcrowded tribesmen, especially Kikuyu, could then be shown land which could be theirs, on condition that they clear it of tsetse fly and cultivate it under expert supervision.

The debate in the Commons followed the expected course. Labour critics expressed the growing concern of the nation about collective punishment and other efforts to meet barbarity with greater barbarity. Mr. Lyttelton, still denying that it was the fault of the British that Mau Mau had ever been able to gain so deep a hold on the Kikuyu, argued that there was no alternative to the present methods, but got rather nearer than before to admitting that there is little hope of permanent improvement in Kenya until drastic economic and social reforms have been carried through. The first object of Labour policy should be to compel the Government and its supporters to see that these matters of colour bar, land congestion, starvation wages, and all the other economic and social frustrations that explain the growth of Mau Mau, must be dealt with, not *after* pacification, but as an essential part of it.

Wrangles at Bonn

The "constitutional crisis" in Western Germany is slowly dissolving into a series of sordid wrangles and intrigues, characterised chiefly by the disingenuous arguments with which the contestants defend the stand they have taken. President Heuss has explained in a broadcast that his decision to withdraw his request to the Constitutional Court for an advisory opinion on the legality of ratification by a simple majority had nothing to do with political considerations or political pressure. To judge by the reaction of the German press, there are few people in Western Germany who take this denial seriously. The Government, in its turn, has sought to divert public attention from its dubious manoeuvres by putting the blame for the crisis on the Constitutional Court, which it has accused of overstepping its powers by trying to act as a "referee" between Government and Opposition. In fact, it was the Government itself which sought to impose on the Court the role of referee by inducing the President to withdraw his prior application.

Arguments and recriminations of this kind are likely to continue inconclusively until the Court gives its ruling on the petition of the Government parties. This may not happen before the end of February. Even then, the issue may not be settled. If the decision goes against Dr. Adenauer, the Chancellor is not likely to accept it without a fight. If the Court decides in his favour, the Social-Democrats are the man to appeal against the decision once the Bundestag has finished the Third Reading of the Ratification Bills. So, whatever the outcome of the present wrangle, German rearmament is still very much in the air. But the political consequences of the "constitutional crisis" are likely to be unpleasant. If an increasing number of Germans are once again inclined to look at democratic institutions and constitutional procedure with cynical contempt, much of the blame rests with the Chancellor and the manœuvres of the West German Government in recent weeks.

More Small Houses?

Mr. Macmillan's announcement last Tuesday that, from January 1, the building licence system for small houses will be virtually suspended, is an important and, from a Socialist point of view, deplorable act of policy. There are still certain obscurities of detail about his intentions. Selling prices, for instance, are to be controlled. But how? There is no problem about the first sale; but Mr. Macmillan has given no indication that he contemplates any machinery to prevent speculative buying and resale. Moreover, his expectation that, in general, the new dispensation will not materially affect the volume of local authority building, may well be true of most areas. But it will certainly not be true of all. Where it is immediately proved false, will the Minister restore existing regulations from the start, or will be permit a gradual encroachment? The substance of the new policy can be expressed in three propositions. First, the amount of initial deposit necessary to purchase a new house on mortgage will be around £400. This excludes most genuinely working-class families from the benefits of the scheme. Secondly, if Mr. Macmillan really expects that the supply of raw materials and of local authority houses will not be materially affected, it is a striking commentary on the narrowing purchasing power in recent months of £500-£1,000-a-year families. Thirdly, the whole scheme implies the Government's view that housing in accordance with need should apply to only part, and perhaps a rapidly decreasing part, of the total housing effort. The proportion of the country's building resources which could be allocated to house building was varied from time to time by the Labour Government on national economic considerations. But of the amount so determined, a proportion varying between 75 per cent. and 90 per cent. went to meet the most urgent needs. From now on, a

growing proportion will be diverted from any classification of need. And as the deflationary squeeze grows tighter, the weight of new building will shift to more expensive houses.

U.S. Loyalty Oath

The unanimous decision of the U.S. Supreme Court against the Oklahoma "loyalty oath" does not mean that all such "Test Acts" are now illegal, despite Mr. Justice Black's stinging condemnation of them as "tools of tyranny." State and city authorities may still insist that their employees swear an anti-Communist oath; in fact, the Court has recently upheld such laws. In this case, however, the Court objected because Oklahoma had dismissed seven teachers who refused to swear a portmanteau oath that they had not even been members of any of the long list of bodies that, according to the Attorney-General, are Communist "fronts." This, the Court found, had deprived the teachers of "property" (their jobs) without "due process of law." More, since thousands of people had "unknowingly" belonged to organisations only later discovered by them to be listed as "subversive," this Oklahoma law was a Bill of Attainder, which is prohibited by the Constitution. We are glad to see this firm decision. It is worth noting the words in which Mr. Justice Black supported the decision. Such laws, he said:

> . . . which stigmatise and penalise thought and speech of the unorthodox have a way of reaching, ensnaring, and silencing many more people than at first intended. We must have freedom of speech for all or we will in the long run have it for none but the cringing and the craven.

On the same day President Truman said much the same thing. "Those who want the Government to regulate matters of mind and spirit," he said, "are like men who are so afraid of being murdered that they commit suicide to avoid assassination." There is still an army in the field against the storm-troopers of McCarthyism.

WASHINGTON

Labour of Love

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Senator Taft's petulant blast against the appointment of a relatively obscure trade union official who voted for Stevenson as the new Secretary of Labour served to advertise to the world that Taft was not running the new Administration, and it provided Eisenhower with some useful evidence that his gesture towards organised labour was genuine. It was little more than a gesture, for in these days the Secretary of Labour has remarkably little power, for the real issues that affect labour are decided outside the Department. The whole question of the growth of trade unionism, so important at present in the South, is in the hands of the National Labour Relations Board, which does not come under the Secretary of Labour. The setting of wage rates, under the existing system of controls, comes under another separate agency, the Wage Stabilisation Board, which, in turn, is under another temporary agency directly responsible to the White House. Government intervention in trades disputes is handled in the first place by the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, an independent establishment, and in the last resort by the White House itself. The functions of the Department of Labour largely consist of conducting a good statistical service, on which many automatic wage increases depend, enforcing labour practices, and giving Labour a voice in Cabinet decisions.

Nevertheless, there are intangibles which go with the appointment, the most important of which is the attitude of organised labour towards what will be essentially a big business administration, headed by a President intent on achieving national unity. Martin Durkin, the Secretary-designate of Labour, has so far done well. His soft answer turned Taft's wrath. He said he would try to work with Taft, and with representatives of organised labour in preparing amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act, thus recognising that its outright repeal is politically impossible now. It would have been impossible to pick a genuinely Republican trade unionist for the post without selecting someone distrusted by the whole labour movement.

PARIS

Tunis and Casablanca

Our Paris Correspondent writes: It looks as if the mass arrests in Tunisia—not, indeed, of members of the "Red Hand" (an organisation which, as far as the police are concerned, is the figment of a malicious Arab-American imagination), but among the Destour and Neo-Destour leaders and, indeed, any Arabs who happen to be sitting on a café terrace—has had the effect of breaking the will of the Bey, a very old and sick man. In order to check the police "activities," he agreed, earlier this week, to sign at least two of the five Decrees incorporating the French "concessions" which he and all his advisers had previously rejected.

Everything tends to show that if the Tunisians, who are the "mildest" of the Arab peoples, are willing to retreat, perhaps hoping against hope that such reasonableness will persuade the French Government to assume a more liberal policy, the Moroccans, who are a much more ferocious and less "civilised" people, have reached a degree of exasperation which has shifted to Morocco the centre of the North-African crisis. On the outbreak of violence in Casablanca last week, when both Moroccans and Europeans butchered each other with a savagery almost inconceivable in Tunis, there are many conflicting reports; but there seems little doubt that, instead of allowing the protest demonstrations against the murder of Hached called by the (unofficial) Moroccan trade unions, which are controlled by the nationalist Istiqlal, simply to let off steam, there was a good deal of unnecessary provocation on the part of the French military authorities. Certainly in Casablanca (as distinct from other Moroccan cities) they apparently decided to "break" the protest strike. The trouble started with the arrest of numerous trade union leaders, and the rounding up of the workers of a sugar refinery who refused to work. The sight of their being driven in police cars through the wretched native quarter of the Carrières Centrales inflamed the anger of the population, and there was heavy rioting on Sunday night and on Monday, when some 200 Moroccans were killed and a smaller number of Europeans indiscriminately attacked and massacred. Hundreds of arrests followed, among school teachers and others suspected of nationalist sympathies; and, as the official French News Agency put it, "it isn't a question of merely arresting a number of people, but of smothering the spirit of the Istiqlal at its source." An ambitious programme, and not one that will be helped by the calls for a "Holy War against the French" coming from the Grand Mosque in Cairo—calls to which Morocco has proved more susceptible than Tunis.

CHRISTMAS

The Christmas issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, will be generally on sale on Wednesday, December 24th.

WESTMINSTER

Forward from Brown's

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Brown's Hotel seems the oddest place for a Socialist love-feast. Yet, from all accounts, last week-end's meeting of the Labour National Executive produced the nearest approach to one which has been seen for the last eighteen months. It is much too early to say that Labour has agreed upon a policy. But it has agreed to face the questions which must be answered before the foundations of policy can be laid. Credit for this big step forward must be given not only to Mr. Bevan and his supporters (who doubtless produced most of the ideas) and Mr. Griffiths and the anti-Bevanites (who must have examined a lot of fresh arguments with considerable objectivity and absence of passion), but also to Morgan Phillips and his able secretariat who, as both sides testify, produced for the meeting an admirable dossier of background documents which compelled the factions to face their problems squarely. The work of the sub-committees which are to study detailed problems in the next few weeks will provide plenty of opportunity for disagreement. But the remarkable thing is that, by anchoring its domestic policy to the overriding need to rescue Britain from recurring economic crises (and greatly assisted by Mr. Churchill's repudiation of Mr. Attlee's Defence programme) the Party now has so much opportunity for honourable agreement. The success of the week-end is already having its effect at Westminster, where a mood of modified optimism is beginning to spread across the Labour benches in contrast to the bleak pessimism general ten days ago.

Meanwhile, the Tory leaders have been facing a minor, but interesting, back-bench revolt on Steel. Their election pledge was, roughly, to restore competitive private enterprise to the industry and, at the same time, to ensure its public supervision. In an effort to honour this probably "unhonourable" promise, Mr. Sandys' Bill proposes to place under the supervision of his Iron and Steel Board some 2,000 firms—mostly foundries and re-rollers—who were left outside the 1949 Nationalisation Act. Even before the Bill's Second Reading, the foundries began to protest; and, in his Second Reading speech, Mr. Sandys gave assurances which somewhat modified the apparent intentions of the Bill. Since then a group of back-benchers has organised a rebellion to which the Minister made further substantial concessions at a private meeting last Monday—presumably, since he drafted the Bill, against his better judgment.

It is an interesting example of one of the Government's problems. The rebel members were neither large in number nor, in most cases, very weighty in opinion. Yet if they *did* divide the House, their number might exceed the Government majority. And if the Opposition *did* support them (Mr. Strauss has so far been craftily non-committal), the Government might be defeated on an issue which, while not one of confidence, would be of sufficient importance to involve a considerable loss of face. So Mr. Sandys' original intentions, worthy as they probably were, go by the board, and a "fourth form" revolt, negligible in more normal Parliaments, succeeds, even before the matter is ever seriously brought to debate. This sort of thing is commonplace enough in the Westminster of the Fifties, but the industry must find it puzzling.

Her Majesty's Judges

It is in the nature of human appetite, and the means we have evolved for its satisfaction, that any controversial remark made by Her Majesty's judges on the bench will be read within a few hours in every home in the land. Even if it concerns a matter upon which a judge is not inevitably well informed (there are such matters), it will carry an authority that is always persuasive and, in the popular mind, often decisive. Unfortunately, the history of the judges' attitude to crime and punishment in the last two centuries is one of obscurantism and ill-grounded foreboding. It is also the history of Parliament's largely notional supremacy in the contest between the common law (*i.e.*, the judges) and the statutes; and to-day, with the Queen's Bench tending to regard Parliament as an association of interfering quacks, that contest is plain.

One need not endorse the opinion of Montesquieu that judges should be almost inanimate beings, acting only as mouthpieces to pronounce the law; it may now be accepted that the judicial homily, the minatory preamble to the actual pronouncement of sentence, is an established if often superfluous ritual. What is new to-day is the sustained attack which is being made by this means on the carefully planned purposes of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948. The attack takes the unanswerable form of a rhetorical address to the prisoner in the dock. "What you need is what Parliament has decided you shall not have . . ." "If Parliament in its wisdom had not decided otherwise, I should have ordered you a flogging . . ." "It is a pity that some of the persons responsible for the present state of the law" (i.e., the elected representatives of the people) "could not be here to-day to hear the results of their handiwork." These are typical of recent judicial polemics; they represent, perhaps, a process of change in the essentials of law-making, if not in what has been understood to be the constitutional position of the judges; but they were eclipsed on December 4 by the Lord Chief Justice in the case of *Regina v. Cowell and Cowell.*

John and Donald Cowell, aged respectively seventeen and fourteen, were committed to the Central Criminal Court for trial before Lord Goddard on a charge of robbery with violence. They pleaded guilty to robbing two other boys in Epping Forest when armed with air-guns. It was a disgusting case, and there appears to be general agreement among those who know the facts that the younger boy in particular—who is six feet in height, heavily built, and much aware of his strength—is a determined young thug, vicious, cocksure, and intractable. "Both brothers have three times been placed on probation," said Lord Goddard. (They had always committeed their crimes together—housebreaking, stealing lead, and so on.) "I cannot blame the magistrates because there is practically nothing else they can do. All powers have been taken away from the magistrates substantially, and the only thing they could have done was to send them to an approved school at the expense of the ratepayers." Let us note, in passing, that the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, which increased the scope of magistrates' powers in relation to conditional probation, detention centres, attendance centres, and committal to Quarter Sessions for a heavier sentence, deprived them of only two that they possessed before—the power to imprison persons under seventeen (John Cowell was over seventeen) and the power to order a birching. Of recent years, the former was used seldom and the latter almost never. As for approved school training, the expense of this to the ratepayers can be relieved by a levy on the parents.

A police witness told his Lordship that the boys' parents were separated and that they lived with their mother. Actually, we understand, the parents separated in 1947 and were divorced two years later, the father then remarrying and the mother being given the custody of the two boys. In 1950, as the stepmother expressed an interest in "difficult boys," the father subjected Donald (the younger boy) to a campaign of enticement, waylaying him at school, offering him a bicycle and other inducements, constantly urging him to leave his mother and come to live with the stepmother. Eventually Donald did so; and during the next nine months his father, a former sergeant-major of the Grenadier Guards who has, no doubt, a perfectly genuine belief in corporal punishment as a form of training, sought to reform him by repeated thrashings. After nine months Donald returned to his mother, a respectable woman who is out at work all day and who admits that she has had no control whatever over her sons. Donald's third probation order required him to live at a hostel, an admirably run, voluntary institution in South London which reserves ten per cent. of its places for delinquent boys. Mr. Cowell told its warden that the boy needed still more thrashing, and he hoped the hostel would provide it.

"Nowadays," said Lord Goddard, "the cane is never used at school." (At that time he had not yet tried Christopher Craig, whose headmaster says he was caned at school. Caning in English schools is common, to the amazement of visiting educationists from abroad.) "It would have done them good if they had had a good larruping. What they want is to have somebody who would give them a thundering good beating and then perhaps they wouldn't do it again. I suppose they were brought up to be treated like little darlings and tucked up in bed at night."

The bare facts of the story suggest a childhood sufficiently wretched to make nonsense of this supposition. But there need not even be supposition. A good probation officer's report is an expertly detailed biography which, with its supporting documents, tells the court more about a defendant than any succession of witnesses can. In a juvenile court this report would have been available—the entire file of papers relating to the last previous offence and its antecedent circumstances. It is anomalous that it should not also be available at Assizes or Quarter Sessions when a juvenile has had to be committed for trial.

We do not suggest that the Lord Chief Justice could have done less than send the boys to Borstal and approved school. Indeed he could have done more: the elder boy was eligible for prison. The point is that his Lordship made *ex cathedra* statements which not only were controversial but gravely inaccurate; that he sought to exercise his influence from the judicial bench as well as from his seat in the Lords; and that he chose an inappropriate occasion for his purpose. The Lord Chief Justice adds nothing to the dignity of his office by using the Bench as a platform for politically contentious attacks on the enactments of Parliament, which, by its self-imposed tradition of restraint, is largely precluded from replying in similarly tendentious form.

The Commonwealth Conference

"The official statement records a wealth of agreement, it is true. But for the most part it is agreement on platitudes without explanation, on aims without methods and on principles without practice." The withering phrases of *The Times*, a paper usually friendly to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, certainly strike home. Making allowances for everything—for the tired officials' preference for vague clichés, so much easier and safer than precision and clarity, for the difficulty of reaching agreement in a conference composed of nine virtually independent nations, for the need to preserve elbow room in future talks with America—the communiqué remains a most disappointing and unsatisfactory document; and Mr. Butler has provided no further information in response to the questions addressed to him in the Commons this week.

True, there are a few definite decisions recorded which go beyond mere aspirations. There is the decision not to denounce G.A.T.T. Though this will be a severe blow for most Tories, and plunge Lord Beaverbrook into deep depression, it was only to be expected. The others would not have it. Still, the *Daily Express* crusader has not so much lost the war, as lost his way in the battle. What he should do is to get a new map, a new suit of armour, and recognise that the important issue to-day is wider than and different from Imperial Preference. It is whether we can, by a concerted and well-planned effort, develop at reasonable cost the resources of the Sterling Area so that we may play our part in closing the dollar gap.

The Conference must have spent a good deal of time on the subject of development. And one can perhaps trace even in the communiqué a faint pattern showing the line followed in the discussions. It looks as if there was criticism of the growth of secondary manufacturing industries ("unsound development") in certain of the Dominions. It may have been recognised that this process was to some extent assisted by the free export of capital from Britain.

When we come to the sphere of future policy, however, the pattern is more difficult to trace. Possibly there was a decision in principle that a switch had to be made. Perhaps there was some sort of deal—the Dominions in question agreeing to expand those lines of production, especially agriculture and minerals, which would save and earn dollars for the whole Sterling Area—while Britain agreed to help by providing, through a substantial export surplus, part of the necessary capital. So far, so good—if, in fact, it did go so far. For there is little doubt that this is the right course to follow.

One wonders, however, whether the Conference realised just how vital this question of development was, especially in the field of raw materials. If the figures in the Paley Report are correct, the Sterling Area will in 25 years be earning fewer dollars from sales of its raw materials than it is to-day. What is needed, therefore, is not so much expansion of existing staple production, as development of other materials which will be required by the U.S. Moreover, how exactly is the great change to be brought about? The communiqué gives no clue. There is, to be sure, the new private finance company which will borrow from the banks and lend for approved projects. As far as one can gather, the scale on which it is to lend is very small in proportion to the need. It is apparently no more than a piece of financial machinery, a passive affair, a group of lenders who may help if there are borrowers around, but will take no active steps to stimulate "sound" investment and, of course, exercise no control to prevent "unsound" investment.

There is no suggestion of the essential controls to stop wrong development or powers to engage in or stimulate right development. There is no investment board for the Sterling Area. There is no mention of selective control of investment in Australia or South Africa or anywhere else. There is an indication that "additional" capital, presumably above some unspecified level, would only be found for Commonwealth development by Great Britain on certain conditions. But, so far, no decision has been announced that the export of capital from here is to be controlled. Yet this would surely be the first and most obvious step, without which talk of bargaining about the provision of additional capital makes no sense.

Of course, we should not expect Conservative Governments here or elsewhere in the Commonwealth to show enthusiasm for introducing or extending controls of this kind. And the advice of the City, which seems to be more and more heeded by the British Government, would certainly be against it. But how can the necessary switchover be achieved without controls? The Dominion Governments might, of course, remove the tariffs which protect some of their industries from British competition, and make them sufficiently unprofitable to discourage investment and employment in this part of their economy. But, for some of them, such a policy would be political suicide.

A further twist of the credit deflationary screw, on the other hand, of which there are some hints, would both discourage investment of all kinds and probably lead to strong demands in those countries for limiting imports still further. Devaluation, which, in theory at least, would by its effect on relative prices, encourage dollar-saving and dollar-earning production, does not seem to have been considered—wisely, in my view, because the economic loss involved would at present outweigh any such advantages.

On the British contribution, and what this means for us at home, no light at all is shed. Whether the Government take the view put forward by Mr. Jay and others, including O.E.E.C., that what we need is a big expansion of coal, steel, metals, engineering and chemicals, is not clear. It is only a few weeks since Mr. Butler told us that the policy of the Government was to restrain investment rather than home consumption. Is this still his view?

The same obscurity and confusion appears in the references to convertibility and non-discrimination. We can welcome the absence of any precise commitment in this direction and the statement that "the level of reserves is as yet too low to warrant any substantial relaxation of the restrictions on imports from outside the Sterling Area." But, on the other hand, there is an apology for "the emergency measures of trade and exchange restriction" which are said to "frustrate long-term economic expansion"; there is an assurance that there is no intention of creating "a discriminatory economic bloc" and —more important—a hint that some kind of deal might be made by which, in return for U.S. tariff concessions and help from the E.M.F., we might go over to non-discrimination and convertibility.

There will, no doubt, be a powerful line-up in favour of this sort of thing. The alliance will include the doctrinaire supporters of non-discrimination and *laissez-faire* on both sides of the Atlantic—including a substantial group in the U.S. Treasury and the I.M.F., Canadian and American exporters, some Commonwealth countries who cannot resist the lure of greater freedom to buy dollar goods, the City of London, which has a perfectly natural and very close interest in convertibility from the point of view of its own business, and most Western European countries, whose external financial policies are controlled by their banks, which dislike discriminatory and other controls, and have a strong inclination towards a pre-war gold standard.

It is impossible to say whether the British Government will join this group. Last summer it seemed almost certain. Recently there has been more caution. But if, as I hope, the Government reject any bargain of this kind, then it is important that *before the Conference with the U.S. begins* we should make our position plain. It is often wiser before an international conference to keep quiet and not to disclose your intentions. But in this case I believe that keeping silent now—on my assumptions about our policy—would lead only to waste of time, bad feeling and recrimination later on.

It would be far better for the Government to indicate their own attitude quite honestly now. They should make plain (1) what they mean by the terms non-discrimination and convertibility. There is a great deal of confusion about this, which the communiqué does nothing to dispel; (2) that the only reason why we have to discriminate against dollar goods is that we cannot afford to buy as many as we should like: (3) that as we do not intend to overspend on dollars, but to save some for building up reserves, we cannot relax our restrictions, despite strong pressure at home as well as abroad, until, both, we have in prospect a continuing dollar surplus and our reserves are four or five times the present level: (4) that the relaxations, when we make them, must be gradual, so as to avoid the development of another deficit; (5) that, while we welcome suitable dollar investment in the Sterling Area, we do not wish to incur another debt either to the U.S. or the I.M.F., merely to allow us temporarily to spend dollars more freely: (6) that the aim of the proposed talks should therefore be not to consider whether we can restore convertibility and non-discrimination, but, first, to see how the dollar gap can be closed while the restrictions are still helping to close it: (7) that our contribution to the closing of the gap will be continued efforts to extend our exports in North America combined with development in the Sterling Area designed to earn or save dollars.

While the decisions on convertibility are ambiguous, the Conference apparently did not discuss at all a much more urgent problem—the efficient working of the Sterling Area. The experience of the last few years, especially 1951, has shown clearly the difficulties of operating the sterling-dollar pool without far more precise arrangements about the extent to which each country may draw on the pool. Apart from the decision taken in 1949 during the devaluation crisis—decisions which operated for about a year —the pool or reserve has been protected only by gentlemen's agreements to exercise restraint in dollar expenditure and to maintain controls on dollar imports and foreign exchange transactions. In the second half of 1951 this lack of co-ordination, combined with a sudden worsening of the economic climate, chiefly because of an inventory recession in the U.S., led, as we all know, to a major crisis. Almost every member of the Sterling Area, except certain Colonies, was drawing on the pool; and at the same time there was a substantial flight of capital, which is certain to occur in such conditions so long as the reserves are low.

There seems no reason to doubt that in similar conditions similar consequences would follow. It is true that the Sterling Area balances for the Dominions have fallen to levels which are near their currency reserve requirements. This certainly makes it harder for them to run trade deficits. They are, at the moment, to some extent restrained from converting sterling into dollars because they are short of sterling. But there is no reason to think this situation will continue indefinitely. The sterling balances of the Colonies, which have risen so enormously, may well decline while those of the Dominions rise. Certainly we have no right to prevent the Colonies spending their balances if they wish to do so.

It seems to me essential, therefore, to try to agree the level of dollar expenditure to be allowed to each country including the U.K.—the total level to be so fixed that it is below the total earnings. Furthermore, since economic conditions change so rapidly, there should be set up a central committee to keep the dollar position under continuous review and make recommendations for speedy action by governments wherever necessary. It is really an absurd situation that we should maintain large and well-qualified missions with Nato and O.E.E.C., which also have highly efficient secretariats, while there is no machinery for co-operation between the countries of the Sterling Area. This, of course, would mean a formal recognition that the Sterling Area was no longer just a number of customers who banked in London, but a group of countries working democratically together towards a joint solution of their dollar problems.

Although there has been hitherto no great enthusiasm for a change of this kind, either here in the City or, for different reasons, among the other Governments of the Commonwealth, it was to be hoped that recent experience would have shown it to be necessary. If, however, it is really the case that no change is to be made, and there is to be no greater co-ordination than before, it seems to me that the Conference ought to have considered a solution on totally different lines.

They should have discussed whether more responsibility in relation to its dollar affairs ought not to be placed on each country in the Sterling Area. I must make it plain that this would be, in my view, a far less satisfactory solution. But there are, nevertheless, certain possibilities which ought to be thought about. The most obvious would be to break up the sterling-dollar pool while keeping the Sterling Area going. This would mean that, while each independent country would trade with the others in sterling and hold indefinite quantities of inconvertible sterling, it would take care of its dollar earnings and expenditure itself. There would thus exist at one and the same time a strong pressure in each country to import from the rest of the Sterling Area and to export as much as possible to the dollar area.

There are certainly many formidable difficulties about such a proposal which would need to be examined. But at least it has the merit of providing each Government with the maximum incentive to earn and save dollars, while also discouraging import barriers within the Sterling Area. It seems inescapable that either the Sterling Area as a group should be more efficiently managed and more closely co-ordinated, or a greater responsibility for their dollar balances must be placed on the individual Governments. It is one of the worst features of the Conference that it appears not only to have made no decisions on these matters, but to have refrained altogether from even considering them.

HUGH GAITSKELL

London Diary

THE Prague trials are the most savage stab in the back that the Communists have inflicted on themselves since the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. Clearly the effect has been devastating. I can recall no other case in which a Communist Minister has been forced publicly to explain and contradict rumours rife, not in the wicked Imperialist West, but within his own Communist country. Mr. Nejaldy, the Czech Minister of Education, fully admitted in his broadcast that the hanging of these devoted Communist leaders had caused wide-spread confusion. No, he said, their confessions were not due to drugs or torture or made in the vain hope of saving their lives. "Those who talked of psychological pressure were nearer the truth." And it had not been easy to get them to confess; they did so at last through the weight of "crushing evidence." The trial was "held in a Communist atmosphere of truth," and would Czechs please not spread suspicion or invent "bourgeois theories"? Now this kind of pleading might go down in the U.S.S.R., where there has never been anything except Tsarist or Soviet truth, but in a country with a democratic tradition of free speech and honest trials, and brought up to accept the theory that truth has something to do, not with Communism or any other -ism, but simply with verifiable statement of fact, I fear that bourgeois suspicions are bound to spread. As for the effect outside, it is clear that thoughtful Communists are half distraught; someone has pointed out that Marty (the only non-Russian Communist famous enough still to have a Moscow street named after him?) is alive because his orthodoxy was impugned, not in Russia, but in still bourgeois France. In Italy the unhappy Nenni (who would hang among the first if Italy became Communist) has tried to explain that he is against the death penalty and cannot explain the confessions, but nevertheless, in some esoteric sense, approves the executions. I find even this less nauseating than the letter, published in this journal last week, from ex-Commander Young, who saw some analogy between the Prague trials and the Bevanite quarrel in the Labour Party, but forgot to mention that Mr. Bevan is alive and that in Prague eleven men were hanged by the neck until they were dead.

* * *

So my old friend A. J. P. Taylor has been punished for his naughtiness, in allowing the TV audience to observe a moment of pique. He retires from *In the News*, where he has long been my favourite figure, at least until next March. How foolish! A. J. P. likes nothing better than playing the *enfant terrible*, whether broadcasting or reviewing for this journal. But for all his occasional petulance, he remains easily the most satisfying of the political broadcasters. He has an acute dialectical mind, a ready tongue and—almost uniquely—no binding commitment to any Party. A. J. P. is a Socialist and, of course, a Labour supporter: he differs from most of his TV colleagues by arguing only for causes he believes and never for meaningless Party symbols. This, indeed, was the subject of his indiscretion. *In the News*, he says, has been spoiled by its dependence on Party hacks—some admittedly of great ability—who can never resist making the obvious Party point and never dare, for fear of the ever-watchful Whips, to concede any reason in the other argument. Most of the viewers, I suspect, agree with A. J. P. The B.B.C. is not on much stronger ground in shopping him for bad form. Gilbert Harding, with attendant publicity but without punishment, adds to his popularity by "scenes," which are less respectable sometimes than Taylor's, but on trivial matters and in a programme of light entertainment. A. J. P. lets fly about a serious matter in a serious programme and pays the price. The B.B.C. is being silly at least; more than silly if, as I fear, it is sacrificing a genuine independent to his Party's demand for orthodoxy. I am glad to hear that A. J. P.'s broadcasting colleagues, of both Parties, are writing to protest.

* * *

Margaret Sanger and Dr. Abraham Stone, now in Bombay at the International Conference on Planned Parenthood, told me some years ago that experiences in India had exploded the myth that religion and tradition prevented the adoption of birth control. Margaret Sanger said that she was told that Indian women would be horrified at any such suggestion; in fact they crowded round her beseeching her to tell them how to limit their families. Now at last, after Pandit Nehru's achievement in securing the inclusion of Family Planning in the Five Year Plan, Dr. Stone is himself invited by the Indian Government to act as an adviser. In Baroda, Dr. Chandrasekhar told the Conference: a sample survey had been made of the attitude of 500 mothers; of the Gujaratis 63 per cent. were in favour of birth control, of the Marathis 77 per cent., and of others 70 per cent. After a year of intensive work, there are now 165 clinics in India, the largest being in Bombay, and the Army maintains its own 108 clinics throughout the country. In Pakistan, the delegate, Dr. Ahmed, told the Conference, the problem was identical and the two countries must co-operate in finding a solution. The most remarkable speech came from Dr. Rhadakrishna, who made it clear that birth-control was no more an "interference with nature" than any other aspect of our artificial civilisation. Atomic energy and contraception were both right if the object of their use was human welfare.

* * *

I am glad that David Low's cartoons are now to appear in the *Manchester Guardian*. The *Daily Herald* never suited his genius. Cartoons are by their nature satirical, and the *Herald*, the virtues of which are its special industrial news and its very full sporting columns, is not a good vehicle for satire. Trade unionists, unlike Lord Beaverbrook, do not like being ragged. Low's influence was greatest when he appeared in a Conservative paper brilliantly criticising Chamberlainism and Baldwinism. The *Guardian*, in spite of a recent and uncharacteristic tendency to an irritable conformism, still has within it a great radical tradition. It will I hope, offer Low a platform from which he can hit out with fewer inhibitions than he has known since he ceased to entertain us all by poking fun at the proprietor of the paper that employed him.

* * *

A correspondent tells me that he has just witnessed "a masterpiece of sales-technique" in London. A little man had gathered a small crowd. "Just one shilling," he was saying, "and I'm letting you have a copy of this valuable work. I don't say I'm selling you the book—I shouldn't be allowed to sell it—no, I'm selling you, let's say, the information in it. Of the greatest importance to all. Had to be printed abroad. Now, if you've got a dirty mind, you had it before you touch the book; it won't do you no harm if you're a decent person. But you can't deny these things are going on. You go down parts of the West End, any night. So if you want to read this story, life as it really is, just pass your shilling over to me and a copy's yours. . . ." The crowd was impressed. I asked a youth what was being sold, and he replied as shillings were passed up to the little man: "It's one of those French books: about a woman." My correspondent continues: "I was curious to find who was this Manon, this Nana, who offered some unnameable journey 'to the end of the night.' The little man thrust under my nose a luridly covered volume. I read the name of the seductress. It was *Eugénie Grandet*."

CRITIC

COMMON POVERTY

Commonwealth nations have taken stock,
Seven States round the seven seas,
(All but one in the sterling bloc)
And all stand fast on the import freeze,
While on Great Britain the rest rely
To save more sterling more dollars to buy.

Commonwealth Premiers face the facts,
Overall shortages must be planned;
Though trade, restricted, meantime contracts,
Commonwealth markets they must expand.
But the sterling bloc is high and dry
Without the goods that dollars can buy.

While imports trickle and exports grow
Commonwealth enterprise must succeed;
Sterling from Britain will steadily flow,
Dollar investments are all they need—
Commonwealth fortune is pie in the sky
Until they get what dollars can buy.

Something attempted, nothing done,
Confident Commonwealth chiefs adjourn,
(All on their beam ends, all but one)
Back to their Parliaments they return
To still the Commonwealth citizen's cry,
Who only want what dollars can buy.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

At King's Lynn, Norfolk, yesterday, a man was granted legal aid when he chose to go for trial on a charge of making a false statement for the purpose of obtaining free legal aid.—*Daily Herald*. (Stanley C. Davis.)

Mr. Payne bought milk from the Ministry who charged him extra because it was sold as Channel Islands milk.

So he sold it at 3½d per half pint, the price payable for Channel Islands milk which is required to have a 4 per cent butter-fat content.

The Ministry bought back half a pint of the milk they sold to Mr. Payne and then summoned him because it was deficient in butter-fat.—*News Chronicle*. (Leon M. Shirlaw.)

The designs of the new stamps and coins have been approved by the Queen. Therefore, in common politeness, it behoves all who disagree with her choice to remain silent.—Letter in *Observer*. (Charles Ashleigh.)

Opium from Alberta

THE province of Alberta, lying remote from the main cultural and industrial centres of Canada, elected in 1921 a Government formed by the United Farmers of Alberta (U.F.A.), a party which undertook to protect the province against the rapacious industrial East. Under this uninspired leadership, Alberta's almost wholly agricultural economy prospered in the middle Twenties, and slumped disastrously by the early 1930's. By the autumn of 1932, Alberta's farmers had to contend simultaneously with drought, crop pests, prices that made it scarcely worth while to bring their crops to market, and high tariffs which virtually sealed the international boundary to farm produce. Mortgages were foreclosed all across the province; young industries lost their markets and workers lost their jobs; in both town and country resentment grew against the banks, and against the whole financial system which allowed the bread to be taken from men's mouths because they had unwittingly signed a scrap of paper.

On to this troubled scene stepped William Aberhart, later to be more loved, and more hated, than any political figure in the history of Western Canada since the rebel Louis Riel. Until 1932, Aberhart had been a man of conservative convictions, who avoided any open political affiliation. But, having been approached in 1931 by certain of his ex-pupils and followers who had great faith in his personal capacity for leadership, he began to study the doctrines of Social Credit. The voice of Major C. H. Douglas had made itself heard in Canada some time earlier. Indeed, Douglas had come to Ottawa himself in 1923 to testify on banking before the Standing Committee of the House of Commons; since then his personal friends had kept his name and his opinions from oblivion. In a country then far more predominantly agricultural than Canada is to-day, the theory that only bank charges stood between the producer and the full reward for his production; that government should ensure the payment to every citizen of a social dividend—even that the present unhappy state of affairs was due to a world-wide Jewish conspiracy—could not fail to have its appeal. Nowhere did it appeal more poignantly than in the prairie provinces.

In the autumn of 1932 Aberhart began to introduce certain Social Credit theories into his religious broadcasts: since then the triple combination of radio, religion and politics has served the party well. The response to these broadcasts was so overwhelming that, cautiously, Aberhart went about creating a political machine. The almost simultaneous organisation of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (C.C.F.), also in Alberta, created another inroad on the strength of the U.F.A., which, moreover, in the next few months, was to be split from within by personal scandals connected with some of its Cabinet Ministers. By January, 1935, Aberhart's very genuine attempt to induce one or other of the three extant political parties (Conservative, Liberal and U.F.A.) to endorse the Social Credit programme had manifestly failed, and he set about organising a party capable of running for office. Meanwhile his position in his own movement was under attack from a more rigidly doctrinaire group. In the end, defeated by Aberhart's personal magnetism, and by Douglas's canny refusal to withdraw his mantle from a prophet who, even if unorthodox, promised to be successful, this group withdrew into the political wilderness, which their successors still inhabit with unabated conviction and a microscopic following. In the election of 1935, Aberhart's Social Creditors won 56 constituencies out of 63.

Aberhart's first acts on attaining office did little to reassure those who accused him of heresy. He paid no social dividend; he seized no banks; he called in as his economic adviser, not Douglas, who had a tentative contract with the defunct U.F.A. administration, but an Eastern financier with a reputation for rigid orthodoxy. The operations of this gentleman, impeccable from the point of view of the bankers, who had by now partly recovered from their original paroxysms of terror, created so much opposition within the ranks of Social Credit that by 1937 Aberhart was forced to bring from England two of Douglas's assistants, Messrs. G. F. Powell and L. D. Byrne; they were to preside over a Social Credit Board, independent of the Government, whose findings Aberhart pledged himself to implement. He quickly did so, in a Bill whose financial implications far exceeded the powers vested by the British North America Act in a provincial government. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council ruled to that effect, and Aberhart was saved from the unpleasant necessity of antagonising either his own supporters or all the most powerful financial interests in Canada. When Aberhart died in May, 1943, he had, from the point of view of the orthodox, become a traitor, but in Canada as a whole he had almost ceased to be a controversial figure.

His successor, the Rev. Ernest Manning, who had long been associated with Aberhart in both politics and religion, fought the election of 1944 against the C.C.F. and Socialism, with the support of business and Conservative opinion. The party had by now abandoned Douglas's anti-Judaism, and in the Alberta Government little trace of it remains, though of the Social Credit M.P.s elected to the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa almost all are known to hold, and often express, anti-Semitic opinions. Douglas himself Alberta Social Credit had also rejected, and had taken the position it still holds: advocating sound government, and publicly yearning for, while perhaps it secretly dreads, the chance to put into practice the economic theories it professes. The discovery, a few years ago, of oil in Alberta strengthened Manning's hand considerably. His Government has adopted a policy on royalties which, while not discouraging business, brings in a larger revenue than the province ever dreamed of before. Little of this money has been used for social security, though much of it for furthering "Christian education" in the State schools; none the less the province is prosperous, its neighbours are envious, and Social Credit enjoys high prestige in many parts of Canada—even if some of its supporters do appear to believe that the discovery of oil was Mr. Manning's personal achievement.

The blend of religion and politics served over the radio still pays dividends; when, earlier this year, Social Credit won a narrow victory in the elections in British Columbia, its poll was heavy out of all proportion in those districts where Mr. Manning's broadcasts could be heard. It would not be proper to attribute this success wholly to Mr. Manning or his doctrines; much of it was due to confusion and rebellion within the established parties, and in the same election the C.C.F. made very considerable gains. None the less, the formula appears to work, and the province next scheduled for its application is Manitoba, with Ontario to follow. It is Manning's avowed ambition to achieve power in Ottawa. Should he do so, he may have signed his own death warrant: either he must apply his professed theories, with predictably disastrous results, or he must forfeit support by failing to do so.

All indications suggest that religious fervour, political bigotry, and economic amateurism would combine to make a Social Credit Government an unfortunate experience for Canada. But it cannot be denied that political apathy, and the tendency of the average Protestant Canadian to accept any doctrine with a religious flavour, make it a possible consummation. The Liberals, too long in power at Ottawa, have lost momentum. The Progressive Conservatives have apparently no alternative policy to offer. The C.C.F. seems to have lost with increasing prosperity most of the following it gained during the depression. Social Credit, though small and at the moment regional, emerges as the only party with any political impetus. Where that impetus may take it in the next ten years it is impossible to say.

Toronto. MAXWELL VOS

Can We Save Cocoa?

IF the whole Volta River Aluminium Scheme goes through at its estimated cost of £144,000,000, it will give the Gold Coast, at present prices, an income from aluminium exports very nearly equal to that which she is now getting from cocoa at current prices. By the time the Volta scheme is complete, aluminium might have to serve as Gold Coast's main source of income. For cocoa, which now provides three-quarters of Gold Coast's wealth, is being destroyed by a malignant alliance of ants and mealy bugs which spread a fatal virus disease.

The Gold Coast is cocoa. The measure of its political consciousness and social advance lies in an overseas trade worth £30 per Gold Coastian, compared with, say, £6 per Nigerian. That income, which is paying for schools and universities, and which has brought an African professional class into existence, nearly all comes from cocoa. But cocoa is more than the foundation of the Gold Coast's progress towards nationhood. It is the symbol of African achievement. It is a purely African-owned, African-run industry, introduced and developed by Africans. It is the cash-crop of hundreds of thousands of sturdy peasant-farmers. It is also almost the perfect crop for the soil and climate of the "cocoa belt." Its destruction would shake the country to its foundations. And it is being destroyed.

Most people have heard, however vaguely, of "Swollen Shoot." It is well known that it played—or rather, that the measures to halt it played—a considerable part in the riots which led to the new Gold Coast constitution. There have been various City scares about it. But as we still get our chocolate, many people assume that things are better. Nobody who has been to the Gold Coast thinks that. The Gold Coast has 500,000,000 cocoa trees. Swollen Shoot, it is officially estimated, is killing them at the rate of over 18,000,000 a year. In fact, it is probably spreading much faster, and every year at an accelerated rate. Vast acreages of cocoa farms have gone back to bush and forest; thousands of farmers have lost everything; and the magnitude of the disaster is masked only by the continued high price of cocoa. It already is possible to foresee a situation in which economic disaster would drive Gold Coast politicians from their present moderate courses into extremism.

Why hasn't the Government "done something about it?" To answer this question, it is necessary to explain the peculiar nature of the disease. It is a virus, which exists in an attenuated and harmless form in the country's forest trees, but which, once transmitted to the non-native cocoa plant, is "boosted" in virulence in some way,

and becomes fatal to it. These facts, established by the West African Cocoa Research Institute (and at the expense of the British tax-payer) mean, incidentally, that not only is the Gold Coast's cocoa susceptible, but so is the cocoa of other territories—Nigeria, French West Africa, Sierra Leone and Liberia, where U.S. firms are developing cocoa "to break British monopoly prices."

The virus is transmitted from infected to healthy trees by a small sucking insect, the mealy bug, principally of the species *Pseudococcus njalensis*. The mealy bug first transmitted the virus from the forest trees to cocoa. This, however, is a difficult operation; in fact, the odds against infecting cocoa from a cotton tree contact are around 20,000 to 1. But once the improbable *does* occur, the probability of transmitting the virus from an infected to a healthy cocoa tree rises to 1 in 2. Swollen Shoot is a delayed reaction to the introduction of an exotic plant—delayed 50 years by the difficulties of transmission. For it is thought that the first infection, which started the epidemic, occurred in Togoland about 1930. Sooner or later, however, as the cocoa monoculture spread beneath the canopy of thinned-out forest trees, its development was inevitable.

The mealy bug is a slow-moving and rather helpless insect, rather like a minute chalk-white wood-louse, which infests cocoa in smallish numbers (compared with other insect pests). But it is protected from parasites and predators by the ground ant, *crematogaster*, which builds mud shelters, or stables, over it, for the sake of the honey-dew which the mealy bug excretes. It is, therefore, a difficult insect to eliminate by biological or chemical methods. The ant, perhaps aided by the wind, moves the mealy bug from tree to tree. The rate at which the disease is advancing is slow. But it is sure. It advances something over a mile a year outwards in all directions from any centre of infection. It is now striking into the heart of Ashanti.

These are the essential facts—but there is a special complication which bedevils the whole politico-socio-scientific problem. This is that it takes up to two years for an infected tree to show any symptoms (swollen shoots, discoloured leaves, etc.), and during that period, while yielding its harvest of good pods, it is fully infectious. This circumstance probably doomed the "cutting out" campaign from the start, especially as it was assumed until recently that the incubation period was about six months. For the slow incubation of the virus means that to destroy all sources of infection, it is necessary not only to cut down and burn trees showing symptoms, but also to cut out a wide band of apparently healthy trees surrounding it—how wide being guesswork in the absence of any means of detecting the hidden presence of the infection. Cocoa farmers stood the cutting out of apparently healthy trees—their livelihood—for a time and then, as the disease still spread, struck. Though the cutting-out campaign was sound in theory (and endorsed by a team of U.N. scientists) it never had a chance of succeeding. It was too much for even intelligent African cocoa farmers to stomach—and it was usually too little and too late, however ruthlessly applied. Only where centres of infection are circumscribed is it still likely to succeed in localised areas. Elsewhere, the disease was always behind the defenders' front lines.

Western *ju-ju* (though it has established the facts of the disease) had taken a pretty bad beating, in African eyes, until, in 1949, the Government called in the Cambridge firm, Pest Control, Ltd., to find out if any of the new systemic insecticides would kill the mealy bug on the tree. (It was impossible to attack the insect by contact insecticides, such as D.D.T., because of the stables built by the protecting ants, and the danger to pollinating insects.) It has now been established that Hanane (Bis-dimethyl-amino-fluoro-phosphine-oxide) kills the mealy bug when absorbed by the sapstream of the cocoa plant, which also, obligingly, breaks down the poison into perfectly harmless plant nutrients so that human consumers will not be poisoned. Hanane is inserted in soluble capsules at the trees' roots, and takes up the chemical which for a certain period renders that tree toxic to mealy bugs. It thus becomes possible to put a cordon sanitaire of treated trees round any source of infection—a band of poison across which mealy bugs cannot pass. A few of the defending trees will die. But when these have been cut out upon developing symptoms, the disease will be eradicated since it does not persist in the soil, lives only 36 hours in the mealy bug's mouth-parts, and, of course, is only re-transmitted from the original forest hosts once in 20,000 times that an infected mealy bug is transferred from them to cocoa.

It is an ingenious solution—and not the least of its ingenuities is the capsule by which it can be easily and safely transported through the jungle and applied without cumbersome spraying equipment. Large-scale trials are now in progress—and must take as long as the maximum estimated incubation period to be conclusive.

The Nkruma Government has seen, in the preliminary results achieved in the Hanane trials, the prospect of reducing cutting-out, and attendant friction, to small dimensions. Elected partly on a pledge to end cutting-out, they were embarrassed by the possibility of having to use draconian methods to save cocoa. But their troubles aren't over. To mount a Hanane prophylaxis campaign will be costly. It will require an elaborate organisation. It will not obviate the cutting-out of trees already infected. Concentrated, Hanane is a dangerous poison—about the most wonderful *ju-ju* invented, from the point of view of the medicine man.

The alternative—to wait till the chemist synthesises some non-toxic systemic insecticide for example—might be to put cocoa beyond all aid. It is a curious reflection that, to stop this disease, and avert the deadlier social consequences, we may have to deploy in a primitive land one of the most extreme weapons in our bio-chemical armoury—one which arises from the preparation of war gases in Hitlerian Germany. But it would be wrong to suppose it cannot be done. It is remarkable how Africans adapt themselves to technology—witness, for example, the enthusiasm of the Sudan cotton grower for helicopter spraying against leaf hopper, which he pays for readily. (Sometimes, as the planes pass over, the lame, halt and blind are brought out to receive the benison of the healing vapour.)

The alternative is to let cocoa die out. Though the Volta scheme might ameliorate the results, it would mean imposing a mineral-exploitative economy upon an impoverished and perhaps resentful peasantry. We know too well how unfortunate this can be. Time might evolve the cry "They let our cocoa die, and now they are taking our aluminium!" Meanwhile it is cocoa which pays for education and development—*and* the Gold Coast's share in the Volta scheme. We must save cocoa. If we do not, we fail in the very department in which we hold our civilisation supreme—the scientific. If we do we shall demonstrate our quality as friends and associates. Cocoa and aluminium together would then transform the Gold Coast out of recognition. Swollen Shoot isn't just a matter of chocolate. It may be a matter of making a success of our first African "Commonwealth Country."

ROY LEWIS

Fatness is All

Now that the new prudery forbids us to speak of the rich and the poor, sociologists might well consider a new classification: above and below the turkey line. For, when it comes to buying a Christmas turkey, there is now no question of shortage of supply, but only of the length of the purse. The professional classes, as the statisticians so oddly call business men, rentiers, and landlords, will eat turkey next Thursday; so will the skilled engineers and the foundry foremen. The mass of the wage-earners will not, for the funds usually saved or invested in a Christmas club, after drink and accessories are purchased, leave barely enough for a chicken.

Now this, the turkey producers insist with missionary zeal, is all wrong. To judge by those I have just visited, your turkey farmer is a sworn enemy of poverty and privilege, burning to gladden the homes of those who must now content themselves with chicken, pork, or the common meat ration. He is also a shrewd entrepreneur, who realises that catering for a limited luxury trade will always be precarious, and that real prosperity will come when turkey is the accustomed Christmas fare for all, in reality as well as in legend. Nor does he stop there. He would have us eat far more than one turkey a year—to select the noble bird on our birthdays and wedding days and, indeed, whenever we feel like a good meal. He looks enviously at the United States, where the consumption of turkeys has risen thirtyfold between the era of Hoover and that of Truman. Turkeys on restaurant menus, tinned turkeys carried on picnics, turkey sandwiches at quick lunch counters, turkeys in Army rations—that is what he reads about in the glossy pages of *Turkey World*, published at Mount Morris, Illinois. And the same ambition inspires the first issue of *Turkeys*, the newly founded journal of the British Turkey Federation.

But if turkey is to become habitual fare it must be the right kind of turkey. There will always be a place for the traditional large turkey, the Mammoth Bronze and similar breeds. The demand from hotels, from large families, from people who invite friends for Christmas and perhaps pool their funds, is rising rather than falling. Growers still compete, even in America, for champion weights; an Oregon turkey, I read in *Turkey World* on the informative page headed "Gobbles from the Editor's Perch," topped the scale at 49½ pounds. But the ordinary housewife will never be able to afford a Mammoth Bronze; and if, in an ecstasy of pride or ostentation, she bought one, she would be unable to cram it into her ordinary oven.

Attention is thus concentrated on mass production of smaller turkeys. I met one farmer who was staking everything on the Beltsville White, a product of the research station at Beltsville, Maryland. The stags grow to twelve pounds and the hens to ten. This swan-like creature appeared to my untutored eye both solid and shapely, and I left the farm prepared to write that the future of world turkeydom had been decided at Beltsville. My next visit taught me that things are not so simple. The Beltsville White, said this farmer, has the right weight but the wrong shape. The customer pays for overall weight and demands the maximum of flesh in relation to bone. The Beltsville, to be frank, is flat-chested. "A couple of slices and you're down to the bone," said the farmer scornfully. He drew my attention to the Small Bronze; showed it to me alive and dead, feathered and plucked; insisted that I should paddle my fingers in the soft flesh; called for a tape measure. "Five and three-

quarter inches across!" he cried in triumph. No producer choosing chorus girls, no Sultan recruiting to his harem, could have dwelt more lovingly or more exactingly on the development of the figure. "What the public wants," the farmer declared in conclusion, "is big breasts."

Descending to a less rhapsodic plane of thought, he went on to say that turkeys must become cheaper and that this should not be impossible. Prices, indeed, have risen little since before the war, despite greatly increased costs. The main cause of this achievement and the main hope for future reduction lie in developing knowledge and technique. It was once thought that turkeys were delicate; they were cosseted in various ways and housed in expensive buildings. Now it is realised that the turkey is a game bird—are not wild turkeys shot like pheasants in various countries?—hardy, tough, and given to sleeping in hard frost, perched on a hurdle even when a shed is provided. True, they suffer from a parasitic disease called blackhead; but this is effectively combated by mixing with the feed a drug called entramin, now produced in sufficient quantity by May and Baker. They remain, however, extremely temperamental; they are given to feather-pecking (the customary euphemism for assault and battery), to sudden quarrels, even to suicide. One farmer attributed all this to sheer boredom. "You've got to visit them," he said. "Let them see you about—even send the dog. Or change their food. Throw in a spot of kale; it gives them a new outlook on life." Happy creatures, I reflected, whose burden of *Angst* is lifted by the sight of a dog or a spot of kale.

The turkey farmer must pay great attention to cleanliness. The heaviest losses fall on the amateur who keeps a few turkeys in a muddy field along with his chickens and ducks. Some of the turkeys I saw were kept in cages, with an outdoor and an indoor compartment, like the Lion House at the Zoo. Others occupied verandahs; they walked on a wire floor at human eye level, and the structure was supported by piles. The idea is simply that droppings fall through the wires and can be shovelled up at long intervals; but the visual effect was delightful and reminded me of Le Corbusier's Radiant City at Marseilles, except of course, for the droppings. However, another farmer let his turkeys run about in huge compounds with cinder floors and claimed that they were just as free from disease. I suggested that they got bored like this; they did look singularly like prisoners of war, an impression enhanced by their long silences and simultaneous outbreaks of excited gobbling.

Most turkey farmers take a long holiday, or attend to other parts of the farm, from Christmas to April. Then they buy day-old chicks, or even older birds, since turkeys grow slowly, and start to fatten them. The farmer who goes in for breeding despises this easy method. The Small Bronze enthusiast sets the life cycle in motion on Boxing Day. He would do it sooner, but before Christmas he dare not light the cages for fear of thieves. For that is how breeding is stimulated; stags and hens, bathed in sixteen hours of electric light, are persuaded that spring has come. Fertility remains high for a while; when it drops, boredom once more is the reason, and new stags are introduced. Meanwhile the eggs are in the incubators. I saw five of these vast machines, each holding 1,750 young turkeys *in posse*, humming quietly. I noticed that the inventor had given these incubators the sardonic trade-name of "Mayfair."

In conclusion, I learned that the turkey has the best conversion ratio of any bird—that is, it produces the most flesh per pound of feed. In this

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respect it almost rivals the pig. With ever-increasingly scientific management, farmers hope to improve the ratio still further. I see nothing against it. The whole process, I thought as I came away, has the inexorable rhythm of a chapter from *Brave New World*; the calculated allowance made for boredom was the final convincing touch. Yet, when labourer and dustman regularly eat turkey, will not a brave new world indeed have come? MERVYN JONES

Biscay Voyage

WE left Port Talbot on a gusty morning aboard a little Danish iron-ore ship bound for Northern Spain, and counted ourselves lucky to have been interviewed only by the Spanish Consul, the shipping agents, the immigration officers, an unofficious Customs officer and a C.I.D. man. The C.I.D. man didn't really count. He came aboard to return a young Spaniard who had stowed away on the outward journey from Spain, and he spoke to us only to give us advice about seasickness in the Bay. But, unwarned, we recognised from the heavy fleshy figure, the smooth affable face, navy-blue Melton coat and jaunty trilby, a certain quality of policemanness, just as later we came to pick out the señoritos who formed "La Ronda," one of the Spanish secret police forces, by their sharply cut suits fraying at the collar, the thin moustache and, as they returned our documents, the bright but authoritative smile that seemed to say: "For you this isn't necessary—but there are so many lawless people in Spain." As the last official and the C.I.D. man stepped from the ship into the returning pilot boat, the captain came to find us. Bunching his fingers towards his mouth he said: "Police all gangen. You come and eat." He was not a man of subtle distinctions: all officials were police.

And so we took our first meal in the Captain's company. He was paunchy, with grey wispy hair, and small pale eyes set in a pale puffy face. He had gall stones and blood pressure, and, he said, only about ten years to live. After the meal, he displayed to us his collection of cascara, vitamin pills, penicillin tablets and hypodermic syringe as eagerly as a philatelist displays his stamps. Later, as we steamed down the Bristol Channel, he poured liberally for us the liqueurs and whiskey which he had previously doled out to all the officials who had come aboard the ship. He took none himself because, he said, tapping his heart, it was bad for his "Blut." Instead, he heaved a sigh and settled back in his chair, like a man who could now breathe more easily. To take my mind off the motion of the ship, and sensing the oppression that had weighed on the captain, I said: "But it's worse in Spain, isn't it? There are even more police." Lifting one small white hand from the table, he let it fall again with a shrug. "Yes, but in England you can't bribe them."

Ideology played no part in his life. Towards all countries and their governments, including his own, he had acquired a weary impartiality, judging them by the hotel accommodation they provided when he was ashore and by the difficulties they put in his way when he was carrying goods from one part of Europe to another. Spain, England and Russia were the worst—Spain because there were too many police to be bribed; England because the police couldn't be bribed, and because the dockers wouldn't work during Bank Holidays; Russia because he felt sure that the Communists, given half a chance, would seize his ship, of which he was the part owner. War, he said, was a very bad thing and both sides would lose the next one.

The captain had a hatred of officialdom and a nostalgia for the freedom of the nineteenth century. After his last illness he had tried to settle down with his family in Denmark, but aboard his ship he was used to being king—a kindly unobtrusive king, it is true—and he found the rival power of the Danish State, with its forms and officials, unbearable. So he returned to the sea where, as long as he was out of sight of land, his authority was unquestioned. He regarded every visit into a harbour, where his ship was immediately occupied by the police, as a temporary surrender to the enemy. With a wide-eyed indignation that was at least partly genuine he protested that what he disliked most was the way the police intruded on his private life. "This ship is mine home. In Wales I have plenty friends who ask me to tea; but can I say 'You come and take tea with me?' No! If I see one nice girl, can I say, 'You come and take a cup of tea with me in my home?' No! First she must see the agents, the immigration officers, and sign plenty forms—which is much trouble for one cup of tea." But for all his odd cups of tea he was devoted to his wife and family and proudly displayed the presents he had accumulated for them during his last three months at sea. In the wireless room he had fitted an elaborate transmitter mainly so that he could telephone his wife every night. Patiently twiddling all the knobs, he would insist on our witnessing for hours on end his usually vain attempts to contact the telephone station in Denmark.

On the third morning we were awakened by the captain. We dressed and went up on to the bridge, and there ahead in the dawn light were the black angular cliffs of Spain. As the ship rolled through the drizzle nearer and nearer to the harbour, stretches of sand at the foot of the cliffs, grassy slopes and roof-tops, became infused with colour, and, no longer supported by the black night, the yellow beam from the lighthouse dipped pale and watery. Presently, the opening from the sea was hidden and there were mountains and mist on each side of us. It was as if we had penetrated the first gauzy curtain of a stage. We steamed smoothly up the river, and anchored opposite the silent backdrop of the city, with its tall pink and white blocks of flats, and waited for the actors to appear. Suddenly, a little white speedboat set out from the harbour wall in our direction and, just when it looked as if it were going to pass right by us, made a stylish quarter-turn and came alongside. Two men boarded us and shook the rain from their coats. One of them advanced towards the captain with outstretched hand and broad, beaming face. "Good morning, captain!" he said. "And have you still your famous hot coffee and spiced bread." Uneffusively the captain said: "Steward, coffee and bread." The show had begun.

By and by, further speedboats brought reinforcements of grey-uniformed police, green-uniformed police and plain-clothes men. They were all unshaved and uncombed, and they looked unwashed. They all accepted, with assumed expressions of surprise and unassumed expressions of delight, the coffee, whiskey and spiced bread with which the captain woodenly served them. It was only later that we realised that many of them must have been genuinely hungry. A bespectacled, bald-headed man, who was, I believe, a shipping agent, acted as an interpreter and a buffer between us and the police, deciding that, although we spoke Spanish, we should not be allowed any direct contact with them. Dressed in tweeds, he reminded me of an English bank-clerk on a Saturday morning. He said to us in English: "Don't tell the police how much money you have, then you can change it on the black market." Turning gravely to the police he announced: "I'm asking for their passports."

When most of the outstanding difficulties raised by the police had been settled, it was decided to move the ship to the loading wharf. The police filed out to watch this operation; and, left alone, the captain and the shipping agent began to whisper together. I just caught the words: "Did you give Lopez a bottle of whiskey?" By lunch time, it seemed, most of the official business had been cleared up, and the captain, mainly out of consideration for us, insisted on clearing the saloon table of papers. We sat down to eat, and the police, who seemed to wander into the cabin purely by chance, accepted with alacrity invitations to join us. The captain, feeling that as provider of the meal he had done his share, served himself dourly and left the others to manage as best they could. So the agent acted as host to the police, to whom he passed dishes which he commended in Spanish, explaining that the pâté tasted very good, although it was not pure pork, the veal tender, the potatoes, as always, bad.

"Do you know," he said, leaning towards me, half warming to his theme, half aware of the captain already spellbound by the anticipated saga, "that your dear captain nearly died the last time he was here? We were in the harbour office talking when suddenly he went deadly pale. 'Sit down, my dear captain,' I said, 'sit down.' But he went right out, very cold." And the agent fixed me with a glance—eyes wide behind thick-lensed spectacles, hand upraised in horror. One of the policemen, not understanding that a climax in the tale had been reached, tapped me and signed me to pass the butter. A look of impatience passed over the faces of both the captain and the story-teller, who nevertheless continued: "So we laid him out on to the floor, and I said 'My dear captain, try to relieve yourself,' and directly he did so he felt better—didn't you, captain?"

Feeling apparently that at last an *entente cordiale* had been established, the agent tried to hurry the captain so that they could reach the harbour office before it closed. But the captain was determined to be coy; he shaved and changed into shore-going shirt and jacket slowly, but one could see that behind his apparent coldness there was no longer any real resistance. Eventually, like one happy family, we all set out for the town by the pathway that led through the garden of a local business magnate, taking one policeman with us and leaving the others in charge of the ship.

At the centre of the city, the agent, with many a benevolent backward glance at the staring passers-by and at the ragged children who began to collect round us, gave us directions for reaching the nearest bank. Then, firmly grasping the captain's arm, he began to propel him towards the harbour office. By the time we arrived at the bank, it was already shut; the rain had begun to pour down and we were completely without money. So we decided to make our way back to the ship. On our way we met three Spaniards who were employed on the ship as stokers. When they heard that we had no money, they insisted on our accompanying them to the nearest bar, where we found the rest of the ship's crew—the Danes and Swedes lovingly drunk.

The next four or five hours passed swiftly and dreamily, our Spanish gaining fluency with every glass of Málaga. Half-way through the evening the stokers discovered that we hadn't eaten since lunch time and they hastened to tell the old lady who kept the bar. "But why sit there starving all night?" she asked. "Why don't you eat now and pay in the morning when you get some money?" She offered to introduce us to her son-

FLUORINE

FROM the famous Blue John mine in Derbyshire comes a mineral called fluorspar. For generations this has been mined in the North of England for use as a flux in metallurgical processes and for making enamels and glass. Today fluorspar has assumed a new importance. It is the chief source of hydrofluoric acid, the compound from which the element fluorine is obtained. Fluorine is chemically so active that it combines with glass and other materials normally used in chemical apparatus. Moissan, the famous French scientist who in 1886 first isolated it, used platinum apparatus which, though attacked, reacted sufficiently slowly to allow him to isolate some free fluorine gas. For over fifty years this elusive element remained a chemical curiosity, but during the war it was needed in large quantities for the manufacture of certain uranium compounds used for the atomic energy projects. The result was so to intensify the research on fluorine chemistry (a great deal of it in I.C.I.'s laboratories) that fluorine is now produced on an industrial scale. Certain fluorine compounds are astonishingly resistant to corrosion and decomposition, a property which is of great value commercially.

ICI

I.C.I. uses some of these in the manufacture of 'Arcton' refrigerants and fluon', a new plastic material.

in-law who was the manager of the local bank and would change our travellers' cheques for us in the morning. And sure enough, there drifted into the winy haze that surrounded us a handsome middle-aged man with iron-grey hair. He was dressed in international bank-manager's style but he greeted us with a warmth which contrasted strongly with the manner of most English bank officials. He shook hands, said he would be delighted to help us in any way possible, bowed slightly and unobtrusively made his way out of the hilarious circle of sailors with whom we were drinking. About midnight we left with a tremendous effort at dignity, for Spaniards hate drunkards. The stokers said they were going to continue the night nearer the centre of town, but we carefully made our way back to the ship by the garden pathway which led to the wharf.

On our way down through the garden we passed a straggling line of men under heavy packages. The line led from our ship to the back porch of the magnate's house. It was obvious that the captain was rounding off a day of hoarse conspiratorial whispers and gifts of whiskey with a little smuggling. We felt no surprise—not even when we discovered that the hand which held the torch to light the smugglers' way from ship to wharf belonged to a policeman. The Spanish police are not by nature any more corrupt than the English, but they are considerably poorer. This particular man also worked as a coal-heaver when he was off duty to supplement his wages.

In the cabin, the captain was chatting with another friend, an Englishman who greeted us warmly. "This captain of yours," he said, "is one of the best afloat," and he gulped down his whiskey. We came from London, did we? Good thing to see a bit of the world before we settled down. He supposed we were Liberals. No? Well, he thought all the better of us for it. There was no party like the old Conservative party. Obviously one needed gentlemen to run a country. And what sort of a mess was the old country in now? For his part, he hadn't been back for forty years. It was the trade unions of course which had started it and now we had ended by giving away the Empire. And that Festival of Britain—a shocking waste of the nation's money. As the captain said, they managed things better here in Spain. His monologue was interrupted by the arrival of the policeman, who stood without speaking at the door of the saloon, as if to signal that the nocturnal unloading was completed. The captain's friend rose to go. In company with his host he climbed somewhat laboriously up on to the wharf and moved heavily along the garden pathway, past the porchway where the packages were stacked. The policeman continued his watch.

M. LUDFORD

A MODERN NIGHTMARE

When Satan finds a rebel in his realm,
He laces round the head of the poor fool
A frightful mask, a sort of visored helm
That has a lining soaked in vitriol.
The renegade begins to scream with pain.
(The mask is not designed to gag the sound,
Which propagates the terror of his reign.)
The screams come through the visor, but are drowned
By the great shouting of the overlord,
Who, in relaying them, distorts their sense
So that the cringing listeners record
Mere cries of villainy or penitence . . .
Yet Satan has a stronger hold: the fear
That, if his rule is threatened, he will tear
The mask from that pain-crazed automaton
And show his vassals just what he has done.

NORMAN CAMERON

The Arts and Entertainment

DEFINITIONS

"THE main object of this exhibition is to make the language of contemporary painting easier to learn." That is the last sentence in the Foreword to *The Mirror and the Square : an exhibition of art ranging from Realism to Abstraction*, put on by the Artists' International Association, at the New Burlington Galleries. It sets out to fulfil this aim by sorting out the 280 works into various styles and hanging them accordingly. Unfortunately, the total effect is merely like that of another London Group show, where similar paintings tend to be hung together anyway for the sake of visual compatibility. The good intentions of the A.I.A., however, make it worth while thinking about some of the problems involved.

First, I think a common confusion about terms can be cleared up. This confusion is due to the over-simplified idea that paintings can be categorised according to their superficial appearance—like the makes of cars. People tend to call any artist who distorts and uses geometric shapes "abstract"; or, as the sub-title of this exhibition implies, any painting which is representational realist. In fact, works of art can only be usefully sorted out by assessing their *effect* on the spectator. It depends on where the car takes you.

Considered in this way, there are three main categories of art; works in the main European tradition which *deepen* the experience of the spectator; eccentric "confessional" works which may *extend* his experience; and decorations which, if applied in a functional context, can embellish experience.

The problem is to relate the standards, relevant to these distinctions, to the very diverse works in question. The simplest way of doing this is to divide the paintings, like those in this show, into another three groups; those which are representational or "life-like"; those whose subject is recognisable but obviously distorted; and those which, eschewing any hint of a subject, are non-figurative or abstract.

A representational painting can either simply present the spectator with so many facts—in which case it serves as nothing more than a sort of *aide-mémoire*; or, by its deliberate selection and therefore emphasis of particular facts, it can guide and stimulate his imagination to draw new conclusions from them—consequently deepening his experience. The deductions drawn and the conclusions made must, however, be expressed in essentially visual terms. For instance, Masaccio's sense of the solidity and weight of physical forms was the true visual equivalent of the new Christian philosophy that accepted the actual solid world on its own terms, and not simply as a preparation for an after-life. If the conclusions drawn are broadly speaking rational and humanist in character (rather than esoteric or idealistic) the artist can, I think be called a Realist.

The recognisable-but-distorted category can be sub-divided into those works in which the distortions have a primarily emotional justification—as in Expressionism, and those in which they have a primarily structural one—as in Cubism.

Emotional distortions obviously imply a certain quality of desperation. This can be either due to an unusual intensity of passion—Grunewald, Van Gogh—or, as in many later Expressionist works, to sheer frustration and loneliness. An exceptional passion can often be expressed in the interpretation of what are fundamentally fairly normal imaginative or actual events. Such interpretations again deepen the experience of the spectator. On the other hand, frustration and loneliness tend to lead the artist to stranger, more personal experiences which then fall into the "confessional" category. Which of these "confessional" works are considered mad or relevant will largely depend upon the particular temperamental needs of the spectator.

"Structural" distortions are either the result of an attempt to "open up" and clarify the basic structure of the subject, or an answer to the purely compositional demands of the work itself. Paintings, in which they are the result of the former (examples: Uccello, Monet, the analytic cubists) undoubtedly belong to the main tradition. Works, in which they are the result of the latter, do not. They may become decorations, but can then only be judged by their appropriateness (in terms of associated images, colours, shapes, and so on) to a particular context.

The other type of painting in this recognisable-but-distorted category are highly personal poetic or mystical works which are too calm to be called Expressionist. To argue, as I have, that these works, generally speaking, extend rather than deepen the experience of the spectator, and to point out that they should not be considered as part of the main tradition, is in no way to belittle them. The only point I want to make here is that the imaginative isolation (due to the lack of any commonly accepted faith) and also the literal, physical isolation of the artist today, has forced many painters to concentrate on this type of work, when their natural talents and temperaments lie elsewhere. Art is now largely considered (and rightly) an eccentric activity. In its proper and most traditional sense it is a natural one.

Lastly, the abstract works. I should like to make it quite clear that I am not anti-abstract. I have little patience with the more extreme, "intuitive" abstracts which seem to me to be narcissistic: *i.e.* involving sensations and feelings which are never "earthed". But I get considerable pleasure from those works in which real consideration lies behind each decision about colour and shape. The trouble is that the pleasure is incomplete. It is like using a machine—whose sheerness and beauty of design is often somewhat similar—only as an ornament. I want to see abstracts working. And they will only do that, when, considered as decorations, they are re-incorporated back into architecture. They will then "embellish" the simple experience of being in the room or building which they decorate.

Such dogmatic and sketchy statements as these require, of course, many further qualifications. In the present show of works of Michael Salaman, Andrew Forge, Claude Rogers, Ben Nicholson, Josef Herman, Charles Watson and Herbert Seaborn are all good of their sort. JOHN BERGER

TWO PIANOS, FOUR HANDS

A DELIGHT for the players, and torment for listeners—a common view of two-piano music, and unless the players are excellent, usually a true one. Yet composers have always written for the two-keyboard combination. The Fitzwilliam book contains a two-virginal piece by Farnaby; Couperin suggested that his *Apothéose de Lulli* be played on two clavecins; Bach wrote concertos for two, three and four claviers (I remember an alarming occasion when Erik Chisholm added four more parts to the Bach-Vivaldi concerto, so that eight newly capped graduates could be heard at once). Two pianos, as a rule, make more than twice as much noise as one; on two pianos, obviously, more of an orchestral score can be encompassed than on one; two pianos open up to a composer stimulating possibilities of widespread chords and coloured sonorities, resounding bass octaves and doubled melodies. What Einstein called the "mechanical gaiety" of Mozart's two-piano concerto, K. 365, is the besetting fault of two-piano music. It is dangerously easy to be brilliant. At a recent recital in the Wigmore Hall Robert and Gaby Casadesus played pieces by Chabrier, Florent Schmitt, and Milhaud. Only the last work, *Le Bal martiniquais*, written to celebrate the liberation of the

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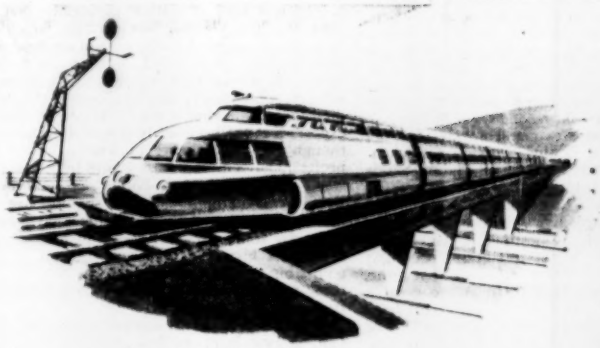

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Antilles in 1944, had sufficient wit, melody, and restraint to commend itself to an audience assaulted by relentlessly bright tunes streaming in octaves from the treble, and gay sforzando clattering chords.

More or less pretty music, light in content but showy in manner, forms the bulk of later two-piano writing. It finds its best expression in pieces like Poulenc's *Valse musette: l'embarcation pour Cythère*, Benjamin's *Jamaican Rumba*, and Arensky's captivating Suite, Opus 15. Last Friday, in the Wigmore Hall two American pianists, Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, played two additions to this repertory: Vittorio Rieti's *Suite Champêtre* and Samuel Barber's *Souvenirs*. Rieti's *Suite* has the lilting tunes and piquant harmony one has come to expect of him. Barber's set of pieces was written for a ballet, and doubtless sounds better orchestrated. Though the work has his unfailing good taste, in the concert hall its gaiety seems hard sought-for—a staid American trying to skip like Poulenc.

It is when whole recitals are made of light music that one wishes for the medium to be confined to the drawing-room; the cascades begin to sound alike, and the particular pianists not very different from any other pair. But the Gold-Fizdale team offered as centre-piece Stravinsky's magnificent *Concerto per due pianoforti soli*. Written in 1935, and first played by the composer and his son Soulima, it is seldom heard, probably on account of its bewildering technical difficulties. On paper there seems to be a good deal of the specious passage-work common in the medium: in performance, a performance as fine as this one, one perceives that the tricks are harnessed in honest service of a compelling musical scheme. The piece is unthinkable in an orchestral transcription. Its persistent bitonality is fused with the two-keyboard layout.

Gold and Fizdale played also Mozart's two-piano sonata, and Debussy's *Six epigraphes antiques*. The latter work, originally a piano duet (which, significantly, Debussy thought of orchestrating) gains when played on two instruments. It is possible then for one player to take all of a phrase running from bass to treble, and pedal it independently. Classical duets on the other hand are best kept on one piano. Mozart marked the parts of his duet-sonata, K.521, *Cembalo primo* and *Cembalo secondo*, which seems to show that he envisaged two instruments—but not two modern concert grands, with their thickening overtones. And when Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus came to play Schubert duets in the Wigmore Hall earlier this year they were appreciably more effective when seated at one piano. The problem of jostling is less serious today than it was in the eighteenth century; Burney tells us that "the ladies of that time, wearing hoops which kept them at too great a distance from one another, had a harpsichord made expressly for duets, with six octaves." The Badura-Skoda/Demus recital also showed how two very considerable players in their own right can have, in concert, a touch of amateurism more appropriate to a group of friends than the public platform. It is rare to hear duo-pianism as accomplished as that of Gold and Fizdale.

ANDREW PORTER

RADIO NOTES

The Abbey Theatre was as good an example of W. R. Rodgers's incomparable portrait manner as we have had—the making of a complex whole out of the impromptu of gossip, argument and reflection. It is a manner so individual and so alert for the accidents of personality that I cannot see it being happily applied by any other hand. Looking back on this well-knit programme we can perceive how unfailingly, for all its casual detail, the history moved in time; and what a range of ideas it offered, for all its drollery, on the relations of author, actors, and audience. The very pitfalls presented by the subject might have been put there for the exercise of being avoided. Nostalgia, for instance: more than once it slid up its head, met a factual Irish eye, and so retired. Mr. Rodgers's characters may be angry, rude, petty, scandalous, egotistical and complaining; they are never bored, never on their best behaviour, never mechanical, never dead. If it was hard to be certain sometimes which one of them was speaking, that may, for all we know have been deliberate too. For nothing, in the whole design, turns out to be irrelevant. In Ireland, somebody observes in this broadcast, life is always ready to lend a hand to letters. Here is once again a demonstration of Mr. Rodgers lending an artful hand to life.

A good idea and some interesting detail have brought me back each week to *The Past Around Us*, a series of five Home Service programmes about local history, in each of which a particular town or district of the British Isles is considered by three or four speakers from an archaeological viewpoint. Another reason for listening, however, has been a kind of critical perplexity that they aroused. For through some cause which it is difficult to assign they refused to take hold of the imagination; they failed, in fact, to be good radio. It is true that information, whatever its subject, is not always easy to accept in the stylised discussion form that is used. It is true, too, that experts are not necessarily the best broadcasters, though they are always preferable to the busy professional commentators whose light and fluent chat no theme can ever daunt. Perhaps the link with the contemporary scene should have been made stronger; the specific character of any place, by some paradox, seems to be lost in the reaches of history. Whatever the source of the animating spark, its absence in the bleak tracts of these programmes is a pity. I have heard, it is true, only the first four.

The magnificent readings from *The Faerie Queene* have been the best possible reminder of the great slumbering poem and its qualities. The four accompanying talks, whose writers have all, in varying degrees, tried to avoid the academic grooves, have been a useful part of the experiment. Professor Renwick threw the most light on the diversity of Spenser the man. Frances Yates, who took the narrowest theme in her comment on the poem as a tract for the times did make the good point that "it is only when public and private symbols are not at variance, and can fuse into one expression . . . that the great classics appear." Dr. E. M. W. Tillyard, who spoke of Spenser's fulfilment of the epic conditions ("behind the epic author must be a big multitude of men, of whose most serious convictions and dear habits he is the mouthpiece")—gave also a brilliant picture of his non-conforming strangeness. William Empson was an inspired choice for the final speaker. Entering the enchanted territory with the equipment of a modern explorer, he dealt not only with technique, which he covered expertly in a few minutes' space, but with Spenser and the modern man. His dry, half-melancholy manner (there has been great range in the speakers' voices) was right for this analysis, yet it left its echoes, whether we recall him quoting:

> Let Grill be Grill and have his hoggish mind.
> But let us hence depart, while weather serves, and wind.

observing that it is unjust to think of Spenser as "always poetical to a sickening degree. He was a very practical type of poet, as they go," or quoting from his own academic study: "when there are ambiguities of idea, it is whole civilisations rather than details of the moment which are their elements."

East of the Sun, West of the Moon, a 40-minute narrative poem by W. S. Merwin, turned out to be an enchantingly written fairy tale, raised without loss of magic to an adult level, on the Cupid and Psyche, white bear and princess story. The superb reading by Hugh Burden could not have been bettered.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"The Seven Deadly Sins" and "Madeline," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"Road to Bali," at the London Pavilion

Another collective film from France, and this time of far better quality. Not that the fair-ground stall, with its puppets of the Seven Deadly Sins, seems to me an inherently better idea than a lost property office, a jammed lift, an aeroplane crash, or any of the other fate knots beloved of film-makers. After all, one can go on gathering such situations for ever, sighing and chuckling over life, calling upon the talents of a number of stars, script-writers and directors. A formula only ceases to be a formula when the situation itself develops. *The Seven Deadly Sins* plays the old framework. M. Gérard Philipe, eyes alight, hair wild, arms exclamatory, is the knock-'em-down man who will lure you into taking a fling. Have a go, if you're fat, at Gluttony. Narrow your narrow eyes and see whether, in five shots, you can't floor yourself as Envy or Avarice. Well, the staging amuses; and as each puppet takes the count, its appropriate tale unrolls. Two hours and twenty minutes will be needed to finish off all seven and wind up. Couldn't one or two sins have been missed (their tales, perhaps, wouldn't be) even by the deadliest aimers who have ever strolled along a lane of booths?

The best, as it happens, comes last. Claude Autant-Lara has written and directed it, with Pride as his theme. Autumn dusk, a park, two ladies surreptitiously gathering sticks: if one didn't see what they are up to (and nobody else does), one would say that they were prolonging a favourite stroll. An early lamp shines, and the bonfires of leaves send pale trails in the distance.

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A melancholy enchantment makes us want never to leave, yet leave we must, if only to satisfy curiosity; the drag and pull of all art existing in movement. Beautifully, then, with the park left behind, the pewter light fading, secrets—if not the firewood held under a capacious cloak—come tumbling out. They are poor ladies, mother and daughter; they keep their pride; under a shop-window light they meet old acquaintances, one of whom hesitates an invitation. A ball! But then where, with the electricity cut off, is the money for a dress? The daughter decides to go in her one dress, and when no written invitation follows, she goes. She holds her head high, she has almost conquered, when a jewel gets lost, pockets and bags are searched, and in hers, which at first she has refused to open, are found—but I mustn't go on. Michèle Morgan and Françoise Rosay play, irreproachably, the two ladies, and the whole piece must be as perfect a short story as the cinema has to show.

Two other stories here—Yves Allegret's realisation of Lust's impact on adolescence, and Roberto Rosselini's adaptation of a Colette story in which a cat dominates a situation of jealousy—approach this high level. Three real hits out of seven! In themselves they more than justify a film that, although too long and too unco-ordinated, contains anecdote, fantasy and satire that's not to be sneezed at. If any more encouragement is needed to visit the Cameo-Polytechnic, let me add that *The Seven Deadly Sins* is preceded by a U.P.A. cartoon, Ludwig Bemelmans's *Madeline*, about schoolgirls in Paris, that is a dream of elegance and fun.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

London Mozart Players and Choir

About once a month, Harry Blech has been drawing good houses at the Festival Hall with programmes consisting mainly of Mozart and Haydn, and always including one or more rarities from the inexhaustible wealth of these two masters. That players and conductor have an admirable grasp of 18th-century style was shown, last Sunday, by their performance, refined, but not finicking, of Mozart's enchanting 33rd Symphony in B flat (K.319). The main interest of the evening was the first appearance, with the orchestra, of the London Mozart Choir. With this small and well-chosen body Mr. Blech proposes to extend his explorations; and he made an auspicious beginning with Haydn's "Nelson" Mass in D minor, a late work in which richly expressive and inventive pages far outnumber those that are conventional. The bulk of the solo work fell to April Cantelo, who sang musically if not with perfect security; Marjorie Thomas, David Galliver and Thomas Hemsley completed a good quartet. Mozart's Munich *Kyrie* in the same key (K.341), the splendid fragment of an uncompleted Mass, needed a more massive choral tone and firmer attack to reveal its full stature.

D. S.-T.

Two British Symphonies, at the Festival Hall

Dame Myra Hess has recently played a cycle of Beethoven concertos with the L.P.O. under Sir Adrian Boult, and the last two of these popular concerts, on Tuesday and Thursday last week, were made occasions for the first London hearings of two British symphonies. If, in the event, neither proved exciting, nevertheless one must praise the enterprise which thus ensured a reasonable audience for contemporary music. William Wordsworth's Second Symphony won the Edinburgh Festival Prize in 1950, and was heard there last year; it has subsequently—and belatedly—been broadcast. It may win a place in the repertory, for it is a clear and well-made piece, its main weakness being that the creative imagination, in both the first and third movements, seems to suffer about two-thirds of the way through from a kind of power-cut. Alan Bush's "Nottingham" Symphony, commissioned in 1949 by the Nottingham Co-op, is designed—so his note implies—to appeal to the lowest common factor in contemporary taste. Sherwood Forest, the Goose Fair, the joy of the citizens when their conservative Lord's castle is burnt, are depicted in Technicolor travelogue style. Dr. Bush has written better works than this.

A. P.

Correspondence

"AFTER THE SHOUTING"

SIR,—My own debt to G. D. H. Cole, like that of so many of my generation, is almost impossible to measure. It is therefore with great hesitation that I feel compelled to reply to his recent article.

With large parts of his analysis of our national economic problems I am, of course, completely in agreement; where I part company from him is his attribution of particular doctrines to certain leading members of the Labour Party, particularly Aneurin Bevan and his closest associates.

On the need for greater productivity, for a tremendous programme of capital investment for both home and overseas application, on the efforts and sacrifices that these will require, if we are to achieve solvency and independence; on these, surely, we are all agreed. Professor Cole is good enough to refer to my appreciation of these problems in my *Tribune* pamphlet, *In Place of Dollars*. But, in fact, there was nothing in that pamphlet which in any way departed from the kind of warnings that Aneurin Bevan, John Freeman, and several others, including myself, had been making for a very long time past. One Northern newspaper commended that pamphlet for "standing Bevanism on its head." The evening that that review appeared, I replied to it by saying that what the pamphlet stood on its head was not "Bevanism" but the popular Press misrepresentation of what Aneurin Bevan and the rest of us were advocating. That, I think, is what Mr. Cole is doing.

From the time of Aneurin Bevan's resignation speech, through practically every speech he and I have made since, including, particularly, his Manchester speech on July 6 last, Britain's balance of payments problem has been stressed, and the impossibility of solving this without more production. Our emphasis on the difficulties resulting from an impracticable rearmament programme has throughout been more directed to pointing out the effect of the arms programme on production and on exports, than on, say, the social services and the standard of living. From personal knowledge of Aneurin Bevan's standpoint on these questions, derived from innumerable conversations, committees and public meetings—as well as his comments on the successive drafts of *In Place of Dollars*—I must rebut Mr. Cole's suggestion that there has been any difference, in diagnosis, in policy or in emphasis between us.

On the needs of our economy, and the realism with which the Labour Party must approach the next election, we are all agreed. The account given by Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. Morgan Phillips of the week-end conference of the National Executive Committee shows that the position is fully appreciated by all the leaders of the Party, and that our programme for the next election and the next Government must stem from that appreciation.

Where, I think, many of us would part company from Mr. Cole's article is on his assessment of certain important aspects of the policy which will be needed.

1. He suggests that Aneurin Bevan and others are calling for more Socialism and more welfare in the same breath, but that "a further advance towards the Welfare State obviously depends on the size of the cake available for division." Obviously the quantity of goods available for consumption will be affected by the speed and vigour of our investment programme. But this does not mean less emphasis on "welfare"; on the contrary, periods of national emergency, such as war, and all-out effort for capital formation, make it all the more necessary, as Professor Cole has long taught, to intensify policies of fair shares and to protect the standard of living of the workers. While protecting that standard, we must force up the pace of production, and control the direction of that production, to give us the maximum amount of capital investment in the right place.

2. Nationalisation is surely not so irrelevant to this programme as Mr. Cole suggests. The Labour Government's period of office showed how difficult it was to control and direct the capital investment of private industry. Time and again the programmes set out in annual *Economic Surveys* were frustrated by uncontrolled, and apparently uncontrollable, developments in the private sector. Nationalisation is relevant both to the control of less essential invest-

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ments, and to the expansion of production in those firms and industries where it is most needed. Even if our mechanism for preventing undesirable expansion were perfect, we should still have insufficient power to promote expansion in key sectors of the economy if private ownership in those sectors were unwilling or over-cautious.

3. When Mr. Cole calls "for an attack not only on spendable income" but on "capital ownership—for example, a really severe capital levy and a drastic limitation of inheritance," who on the Left—or for that matter on the Right—has ever denied this? That restrictive practices on both sides of industry must be tackled is again common ground between us: we agree, not enough has been done.

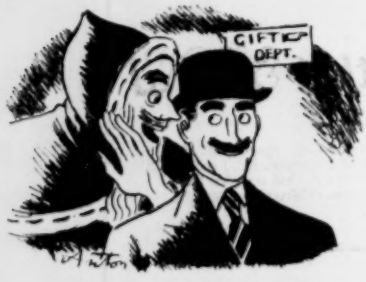
"Great Britain," says Mr. Cole, "if it is to advance towards Socialism—or indeed if it is to survive at all as an independent force—must stand on its own feet. If Mr. Bevan would base his policy on this, and would recognise its implications, he would have an unanswerable case. . . ." He calls for the Labour Party "to combine Socialism and realism." When the full results of last week-end's conference are available to the movement, Mr. Cole will find this call has been answered. Where I think he was wrong was to imagine that either Mr. Bevan or the others concerned with forming policy on these questions were proceeding on any other basis.

House of Commons. HAROLD WILSON

SIR,—Mr. Desmond Donnelly accuses me of being regrettably confused, but I am not sure what about. Certainly I have read *One Way Only*, and have felt the confusion to be there. *One Way Only* correctly recognised what Mr. Donnelly calls "the difficulty of getting a quart of re-armament out of a pint pot"; but in the same breath it conveyed, at any rate to me, the impression that the scaling down of re-armament would put matters right enough to make it possible fully to maintain standards of living and to advance further towards the Welfare State. I regarded this as an unduly optimistic view, and said so at the time. Since then, no doubt, Mr. Bevan, like most other members of the Labour Party, has spoken of the imperative need for higher production; but I do not think the propaganda of the group has stressed nearly enough the extent of the temporary belt-tightening that is needed for getting the balance of payments thoroughly straight and for making this country economically strong enough to be fully independent of the United States.

As for the likelihood of the marginal voters responding to a programme which puts this unpleasant necessity right in the forefront and proposes to deal with the problem by forthright Socialist measures, I hope Mr. Donnelly is right; but I doubt it, unless conditions have got a great deal worse before the next election is held. Assuredly there was nothing in my article to support his statement that I was advocating "Socialism by stealth." On the contrary, I was pleading the case for the fullest frankness about Socialist intentions, as a means of educating the electorate to accept a Socialist policy.

G. D. H. COLE



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REACTIONS TO PRAGUE

SIR,—The letter in which Mr. Benjamin Frankel announces his resignation from the Communist Party should be read with great seriousness. I cannot, of course, speak for Mr. Frankel; but it is clear that many Communists (I was myself a member of the Young Communist League and then of the Party from 1938 until eighteen months ago) have been placed in a continuing dilemma. To explain this dilemma is to answer the facile question: "Why did you not leave sooner?"

We agreed at all times with more of the policy of the C.P. than with that of any other party. But from the fact of being creative artists or scientists or simply honest journalists, we felt the need to disagree when our judgment so directed—sometimes to disagree in silence by not plugging a given line, sometimes unavoidably to disagree out loud. What we really wanted was a libertarian Communist Party, within whose ranks we could attack the reformism of Attlee but recognise the achievements of Labour legislation; campaign against American expansionism but criticise certain Soviet vetoes or the refusal to conclude an Austrian peace treaty; praise the transformation of society in Russia and Eastern Europe but repudiate acts of injustice or harshness in those countries; envy the Russian writer his enormous editions and close touch with the public but not the limits on his freedom. Perhaps we were crying for the moon, but there was a time, from the middle of the war to 1948, when we did have something like that. Since then, the relationship between the leadership of the C.P. and the members has become steadily more authoritarian.

However, it was difficult to give up struggling; and the alternatives were unattractive. We could drastically limit our political effectiveness by being members of no party. Or we could join the Labour Party, which allows far more freedom of opinion, but which by its idiotic series of bans forbids us to collaborate, for whatever objective, with our friends who stayed in the C.P. and whom—applying the old Socialist principle of "no enemies to the Left"—we still regard as comrades.

I doubt if any of the outstanding individuals who have left the C.P. in recent years can say that they have solved the dilemma to their total satisfaction. There does, however, exist one important element of hope; and I think we can be grateful to the sane political atmosphere of this country for it. The ex-Communists have not abandoned their Socialist beliefs or swung over to the extreme Right, as many of their opposite numbers did in America and some European countries. They have left the Party quietly and with decency, and without getting a penny for ghost-written revelations. The unpleasantness has been provided solely by a *Daily Worker* news editor and a minor functionary from Hackney. On its side, the Communist press has refrained from vilifying the ex-Communists as traitors and renegades—again a welcome contrast with what has happened elsewhere.

That the C.P. should learn from what has happened, take advantage of our regrets, and conduct itself in future in such a way as to retain its remaining intellectuals is something I should wish; but from the evidence provided in Mr. Frankel's letter it does not seem very likely.

Chichester, Sussex. MERVYN JONES

SIR,—As one who has been, and in this time of political hysteria expected to be, accused of sinister motives for defending Ethel and Julius Rosenberg and calling their case a "cold-war Dreyfus case," I warmly welcome any expression of disapproval for the death sentence passed on them for alleged "atom-spying." The vital thing is to save them from the electric chair, and their two children from being orphaned, on January 15, so that when the world realises their guilt was never proven under the broadest conception of Anglo-Saxon legal precedent, it will not be posthumous. Since they can only be saved by more such expressions coming directly or indirectly to President Truman, the qualifications with which they are made are in that sense unimportant.

Nevertheless I feel bound to say that I am appalled by Critic's linking of this case with the Prague trial. Merely doing this is to imply that an injustice in America is somehow made less horrible by pointing to real or imagined (it makes no difference which) injustices in Communist countries. If we can no longer seek justice for its own sake, then let us frankly admit that our courts of law have become nothing more than an arm of political and propaganda warfare.

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

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[We are obliged to hold over a number of important letters on this subject.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

"THE MAN WITH THE PIPE"

SIR,—The letters of Mr. Gillie and Mr. Bassett, provoked by my review of G. M. Young's *Baldwin*, invite some reply.

Let us recall that the World Disarmament Conference met in February, 1932, eleven months before Hitler came to power. Lord Londonderry, then Air Minister, has testified that "almost its earliest discussions were centred around the possibility of the total abolition of air forces. . . . I had the utmost difficulty at that time, amid the public outcry, in preserving the use of the bombing aeroplane even on the frontiers of the Middle East and India." The Labour Party swelled that public outcry. We urged the greatest amount of all-round disarmament that could be got by international agreement, and we charged the British Government with persistently obstructing such agreement.

We took this line with great electoral effect in October, 1933, at the East Fulham by-election. But to deny, as I do, that this was a "pacifist policy" is not, as Mr. Bassett argues, "quibbling about words." A pacifist wants his country to disarm, regardless of what others do. We wanted all countries to disarm together, according to an agreed plan.

Mr. Gillie thinks the Labour Party should have known that Hitler was rearming, even in 1933, because he and a few other foreign correspondents told us so. Some of us did pay heed to those reports. I said, in my review, that "already some of us smelt Hitler's brimstone in that autumn air." But it is asking a lot that the Labour Party as a whole should have disbelieved all the sedative statements, not only of Baldwin, but of other Ministers.

"In 1934," said Mr. Churchill four years afterwards, "I warned Mr. Baldwin that the Germans had a secret air force and were rapidly overhauling ours. Of course, it was all denied with all the weight of official authority. Less than six months afterwards Mr. Baldwin had to admit that he was wrong, and he said 'We are all to blame,' and everybody said how very honest of him to admit his mistake."

Finally, when I say that, if Baldwin had told us the facts, there would have been a majority for rearmament on the National Executive of the Labour Party and on the General Council of the T.U.C., though not in the small Parliamentary Labour Party of that day, I speak of what I know. And I hope, in due course, to publish the whole story.

House of Commons. HUGH DALTON

TITO'S VISIT

SIR,—Mr Graham Greene's recent notes in London Diary on the alleged religious persecutions, particularly of Catholics, in Yugoslavia have turned out to be the opening shot in a barrage. Cardinal Griffin has joined in and at the same time made the charge specific by complaining that Catholics would never rest until

Archbishop Stepinac (now made a Cardinal) had been reinstated in his position as the head of the Catholic hierarchy in Croatia.

But Archbishop Stepinac was condemned, not for being a Catholic, but because he had during and after the war acted on the view justified by Cardinal Spellman in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on February 6, 1949. Cardinal Spellman preached his sermon under the title "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God." In it he said that when Cardinal Mindszenty confessed to treason against the Communist Government in Hungary "he but professed loyalty to his country. If this be treason, to deny allegiance to an atheistic Communist Government, then, thank God that Cardinal Mindszenty confessed to treason."

This doctrine raises issues that apply equally well to the Stepinac case and are independent of whether either was or was not fair.

Archbishop Stepinac was tried and condemned to gaol in Yugoslavia precisely because he had acted on this doctrine—that treason and rebellion are legitimate if their origin is religious conviction, and that those who conde[illegible]ors and rebels for their political action are [illegible]ligious persecution. One may hold that Arch[illegible]nac did not in fact commit treason and [illegible]porting the quisling Fascist regime of [illegible]becoming Chaplain-General of the Ustachi [illegible]d so forth. Or one may invoke the Spellman [illegible]e that to deny allegiance to a Communist G[illegible] is not treason.

But these are surely politica[illegible]; and whatever side one takes in the controversy about whether or not Archbishop Stepinac was sentenced justly for his political activities, the fact of his sentence cannot be adduced as a religious persecution.

The same applies to the other Catholic priests in gaol for their activities as Ustachi officers or chaplains, commandants of Fascist concentration camps and similar activities during the war. Religious folk in this country must really face the fact that part of the Catholic and Greek Orthodox priesthood in the Balkans during the war behaved much as did medieval churchmen in the religious wars. K. ZILLIACUS

FLOGGING

SIR,—There is a grave risk that the Private Member's Bill to restore whipping as a punishment for criminal offences involving violence to the person may obtain a second reading on February 13 next. Judicial pronouncements and an irresponsible press campaign are stimulating an emotional demand for the reintroduction of flogging and the defenders of abolition are much too silent.

The Howard League is doing all that it can and is publishing leaflets and pamphlets which contain all the facts. The report of the 1938 Departmental Committee CMD 5864, 3s. post free, obtainable from the Stationery Office, Kingsway, W.C.2, might also be usefully referred to. If between now and February 13 all supporters of abolition will take some action the Bill may be defeated. The most important thing for supporters to do is to let their M.P.s know their views; there are numerous Labour parties and many societies which are prepared to discuss this important question and pass resolutions in favour of abolition.

ROBERT S. W. POLLARD

EARL HAIG

SIR,—I feel that I must take issue with Mr. Worsley's review of Haig's diaries. I believe that they do throw important light on a somewhat shadowy figure. I also believe that they have an unexpectedly vivid and lucid style and contrast sharply with Haig's inarticulateness in speech.

But these are minor points. The real question concerns Haig as a General. Mr. Worsley concludes that Haig emerges as "a small man, not a large." What kind of man he was only matters because of the job he did. So the test must be professional.

First I would say, in passing, that a degree of "smallness" is a welcome characteristic of British soldiers. When military men get "big," they often get out of hand. We are lucky not to have a Napoleonic tradition. But this does not dispose of the criticism.

The point about Haig's "smallness" is, I think, this. Inevitably, he was dwarfed by the magnitude of his task. So were almost all of his contemporaries. The few exceptions were downright dangerous—Nivelle and Ludendorff both demonstrated a fatal inclination to the grandiose. Foch was lucky—luckier than he deserved.

The rough and ready test of Haig's stature as British C.-in-C. lies in the question: who else could have done his job as well, let alone better? It is no good saying "Wellington" or "Montgomery." Neither was available at the time. People like Sir John French were.

There is no denying the Olympian rigidity of Haig's ideas. But the diaries do explain them. He was convinced of two things: that the war must be won on the Western Front, and that the French were failing fast. The first is, of course, immensely controversial. All I would say is this: whatever the demerits of Allied strategy, the Western Front was always the theatre where the war could have been most quickly lost—and was ultimately the theatre of victory, too, in spite of the hideous errors. As to the second point, Haig may have been right or wrong, but since he genuinely believed this, he could hardly have acted otherwise.

We may not like the psychological basis of Haig's imperturbability. We may condemn the system that moulded him. But it could not have been a "small" man who bore that massive responsibility, and worked out his behaviour by the creed of a world in whose destruction he himself was taking, unwittingly, a major part. J. A. TERRAINE

LORD BYRON

SIR,—I am grateful for your review of my *Lord Byron: Christian Virtues*. May I, however, reply shortly to your criticism?

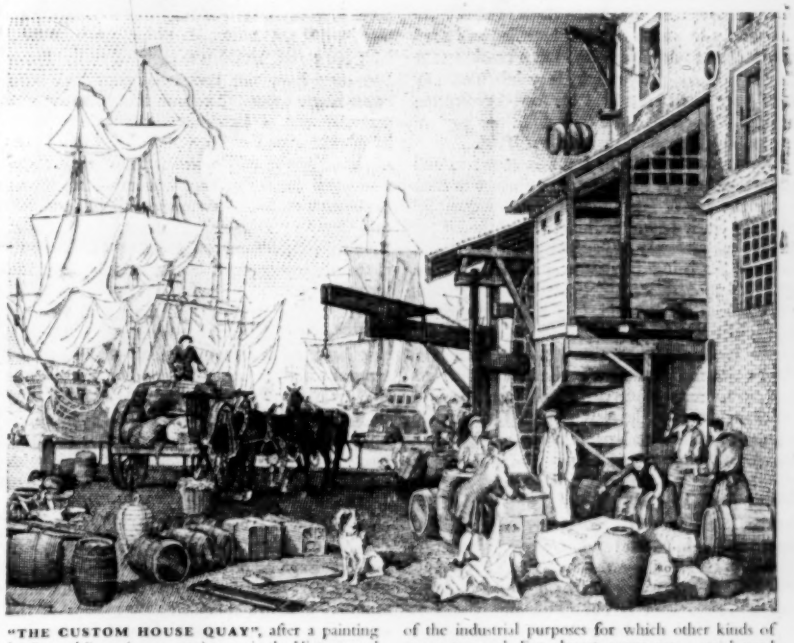
Miss Helen Gardner complains that my method sometimes suggests the "card-index." But are not such methods in place when the amassing of evidence is in hand? How would we like our bank-balances to be calculated by the manager's intuition? I do not quite see how Miss Gardner passes from this complaint to her criticism of "subjectivity." Could anything be less subjective than my almost complete, and no doubt tedious, reliance on the evidence?

It is suggested that I am unresponsive to poetry and drama. This would, surely, be strange in one who has devoted his life to both, on and off the stage. On what grounds does Miss Gardner conclude that *Sardanapalus* is "a dramatic failure"? Macready did not find it so; and indeed at least three of Byron's plays can show an honourable stage history during the last century. As for the "deplorable blank-verse," can it be that Miss Gardner expects the Shakespearian manner from which Byron was in deliberate reaction? I can only point to the passages quoted in my study of the play in *The Burning Oracle*, and to my article, "The Plays of Lord Byron," *T.L.S.*, February 3, 1950.

Though regarding this study as a failure, Miss Gardner admits that all my books "enlarge our conception" of the meanings they investigate. That has been, from the start, my primary object. I have always claimed, quite simply, that what I call the "spatial" approach *reveals neglected substances*. It has done so with Shakespeare; with poetic symbolism in general; and now I am doing it with Byron. It is a little disappointing that, after twenty-five years, every new work is still greeted as a monstrosity—though immediately after used as a mine for everyone's profit.

It would, however, be churlish not to thank you and your reviewer for the first full-length review that any of my books has ever received in your excellent literary columns. G. WILSON KNIGHT

[Miss Gardner writes: "I hope Mr. Knight will believe my closing tribute to his work on Shakespeare was no grudging 'admission,' but a tribute of genuine respect. It was because of my recognition of his importance as a critic that I thought it worth while to raise at length the question of the validity of his critical method."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]



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Books in General

As a subject for the biographer Henry Fielding has the double disadvantage of being a normal male animal in good spirits and of great intelligence and, at the same time, a writer. The former state produces no problems; the latter few events. There is no suggestive and nervous tremor of the skin in this tall, handsome and athletic young squire who travelled very equably along the well-worn main road that leads from a modest fortune, by way of extravagance and improvidence, to debt, the public service, gout and a stoic's death. Fielding is simple. The spite, secrecy and obsession of Richardson, the hypersensitiveness of Smollett, the madness of Swift or Johnson, the double-facedness of the enterprising Defoe, have no parallels in him; it is hard to see what irritation of the membrane made him a writer of genius rather than a statesman or the highest kind of public servant. He was at ease in his age and when one looks back upon the history of his family, which lay between the aristocracy and the country gentry, the only neurotic suggestion that seems worth exploring is the fact that, like his reckless father before him, he had a taste for going downhill. Fielding hacked in the theatre, in Grub Street and Bow Street police court, instead of in the acres around Salisbury, and the process of de-classing himself—whereas middle-class writers have been notorious risers in the world, and ambitious—became almost an article of æsthetic faith. Comic realism was his art, he said, and he expressly ruled the upper classes out of it on the simple grounds that good breeding and good manners were not funny and left a comic writer nothing to say. Or rather, they left him only with pure satire, the kind of thing he directed against Walpole and the tyranny of the governing political machine in *Jonathan Wild*.

The perversity of this stand is very odd and the writers of the 18th century (which was even more the age of Envy than the age of Reason) did not let it pass. If Smollett was hated for being a professional success, Fielding was mocked for being an aristocrat in Grub Street. The lampooners were delighted when he took on his dead wife's maid, in a second marriage; and when, as if making amends to a neglected family tradition, he became a magistrate at Bow Street, started to clean up the London streets and write reports on the proper treatment of the London poor, he was ridiculed as a failed squire, turned failed writer and shabby turnkey. But throughout the vicissitudes of a career as careless as Steele's, through the poverty and the illness for which Fielding had only himself to blame, we must be struck by the pleasant balance of his nature, his average spiritual health. Unaided by the intense and obvious drives that neurosis gives to character (unless the downhill bent is one) Fielding is one of those who have to hope that an exceptionally good brain and high vitality will make up for the disadvantages of natural good judgment and an uninjured heart. One of the silliest things that Dr. Johnson ever said was that Fielding was a blockhead.

The new *Life of Fielding** by the Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, is over a thousand pages long and will become the standard biography. It is a leisurely and exhaustive work. It conveys that Fielding was possibly the greatest English novelist and one of the best of men. It patiently goes into everything that is known of Fielding's active life, analyses his novels, investigates his editorial work, his life as a playwright and journalist, as well as his work in Bow Street. It goes into his strange ventures, like the Have-and-Want agency, and his attempt to market Glastonbury water. Fielding was one of those who never say die, but when he did die at the age of forty-eight, nearly every contemporary who commented on him has said that the handsome youth had become the ghost of a rake who was paying for his early sins. Beyond admitting that Fielding ate and drank unwisely in his later years, Dr. Homes Dudden makes a great business of proving Fielding was not an incontinent and dissipated character. What really killed him, the Doctor says, was overwork, packing too much into his life, taking too much responsibility for others, wearing himself out with generosity and the strain of catching up with his debts. As the lives of a good many writers are shortened in this way we can agree that Fielding was probably maligned by enemies in an age when literary enmity had reached a degree of personal venom it has never had since. But there is no need to prove that Fielding was a paragon, or that he did not misbehave in his youth or even later on, as Dr. Dudden is inclined to do; many bad men have not kept mistresses and have come home sober. The one thing that can be certainly said of Fielding is that he was not a hypocrite. Nor was Boswell, but Fielding's case is the opposite of Boswell's, for example; *his* wonderful curiosity about human nature seems to depend on his powerlessness to preserve his own dignity. Dignity was natural to Fielding. The difference between Fielding and Boswell is the difference between the sensible and the sensitive man.

When we turn from the *Life* to the novels of Fielding we see the advantages and losses that hang on the temperament of the average sensual man. It is easy to see that the insensitive middlebrow novel of yesterday, so vigorous on the outside, so soft in the centre, comes from him, but it is important to remember that this kind of novel was a debasement of an English tradition. Fielding's attitude to adventure was authoritative and classical. Each character is completed. He was, as Dr. Dudden says, a didactic novelist; for better or worse, every important English novelist except Emily Brontë has been. English realism dates from him; underlying it are tolerance, experience of the world, not a hatred of it, nor the desire to catalogue. "Real life" is not a thing to be discovered by doctrine: it is visible to the serene eye and the curious mind. For this reason, when we read *Tom Jones* we know, apart from anything else, what everyday life in the 18th century was exactly like; and above all, how it felt to a candid, affectionate intelligent man who liked mixing with all varieties without prejudice. Fielding is an attached man; he is shrewdly interested in human nature out of love of it and not as a kind of misanthropic spy. For example, as Dr. Dudden says, his portraits of women are always tender, truthful and complete; even when he finds them wicked, he cannot resist them. He was capable of lasting love.

The losses? Here we are in a difficulty. Fielding is quite out of fashion now, for, as Dr. Dudden says, he is unaware of the poetic or the mystical. He is drastically intellectual, as in *Jonathan Wild*; clever in the essays interpolated in *Tom Jones*; but his good sense cuts him off from anything more than the mildest sensibility. He is without obsession or madness. A novel like Richardson's *Clarissa* is wearying in its great length, but who can deny that its finest scenes have a power to move which Fielding never approaches? The scenes in the house of rendezvous in *Clarissa*, for example, which Fielding could have written, have a terror and a power of image and meaning which Richardson drew from his sexual obsession, and there is no archetypal figure like Lovelace in anything that Fielding wrote. We become bored by his sporting violence.

Yet this insensibility is not the crudity of a hearty, hard-drinking animal of the bloke-ish sort; it is the insensibility of a man with almost too good a brain. He was one of Eton's recalcitrants and one of the best educated of English novelists. He was apt to be magnetised by an idea, and once an idea was in his head, to lose that sense of proportion and reality which was the source of his comic genius. That discursive voice becomes monotonous. He is the man who knows too much and, unlike Cervantes whom he emulated, he lacked the faculty of being saddened by what he knew. In this last particular, Fielding was no worse than any of the other English writers who were carried away by Don Quixote and mistook him for an English eccentric. *Don Quixote* is not, in their sense, a comic novel at all, but a tragic one.

Fielding's life is a door into the first half of the 18th century and Dr. Dudden takes advantage of a rich opportunity to show us into the raucous scene of crime and libel. To say simply that Fielding was a reforming magistrate does not mean a matter of making speeches and writing reports; it means things like forming a police bodyguard, leading it out at night in person with torches and arms to face the riot, the robbery, the looting at the fire; it means having the ruffians, brought fresh from murder, and threatening more, to the magistrate's lodgings. Again, Dr. Dudden makes us realize that the pleasure we have in the 18th century comes from the fact that it presents itself so distinctly; that distinctness is the quality of a small society. Fielding's England had a population less than half the size of London today; society, even if we extend it to mean the talented as well as the fashionable, can have consisted only of a few hundred people. Politics, literature, business, were personal. Yet, as we read, the scene becomes monotonous in its precision. Soon we know every pot belly, every gouty foot, every case of the pox, every bribe, every bedroom, every servant; we see them in that literal detail which is wonderful as a record, but soon becomes as dead as the detail of Hogarth's pictures. For in the early part of the century

* *Henry Fielding: His Life, Works and Times.* By F. Homes Dudden. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 105s

everything is set, typed and certain—Vice and Virtue, Breeding and Lowness, Honour and Villainy, Vanity and Nature, Benevolence and Self-interest, Wit and Dulness, are installed like some infinitely self-satisfied Closed-Shop whose original object is to regulate a coarse society which is ultimately choked by it. The early eighteenth-century planners planned too much and Dr. Dudden tells us that by the time of Fielding's death, the century had become melancholy among its certainties. There is a price to be paid for good sense and Fielding, for all his genius as the planner of that new literary form, the comic prose epic, has to pay it—for all his large range of scene and character, for all his amiable governorship of human nature. In the meantime Dr. Dudden gives him an impressive and appropriate tomb.

V. S. PRITCHETT

AFTERNOON IN FLORENCE

This afternoon disturbs within the mind
No other afternoon, is out of time
Yet lies within a definite sun to end
In night that is in time. But hold it here
Our eyes, our minds, to make the city clear.

Light detains no prisoner here at all
In brick or stone but sends a freedom out,
Extends a shadow like a deeper thought,
Makes churches move, once still,
Rocking in light as music rocks the bell.

So eyes make room for light and minds make room
For image of the city tangible.
We look down on the city and a dream
Opens to wakefulness, and waking on
This peace perpetuates this afternoon.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

TREES IN WINTER

The trees have now withdrawn into their roots,
The trunks, stained dark with rain, they have left above,
All the insignia of branches, slivers, curving twigs
And the papooses of next year's leaves. It is a notice:
"Keep off. This site is scheduled for development."

But the roots are where life is conserved
And reconsidered, where rested, where plotted. It is where
The decisions are made: here an old length of root
Shall be abandoned, here one shall be strengthened
And this one shall father new shoots.

There are enough roots to try experiments
Among themselves. A length of fibre is risked
In a new direction: if it strikes on some hazard
It will swerve, attempt a by-pass; and if that fails
May turn back, or just go to sleep for the season.

The conference of sap will decide next winter
What should be done; if a reinforcement would solve it,
Or if it must simply be deserted, left to be finished
Remorselessly by the cold. All life is thus
Ordered and planned: few failures, less surprises.

Intricately the years see them contract and expand
Their private commonwealths. It is even rumoured
That they have religion, throwing their thoughtful branches
Into the realm of air, as a balancing number
Of leafy hopes, and probing aspirations.

JOHN HOLMSTROM

RETREAT FROM ECONOMICS

The British Economy 1945-50. Edited by G. D. N. WORSWICK and P. H. ADY. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

A group of Cambridge economists would have written a book about the economy of post-war Britain very different in character from this Oxford production. They would have discussed the problems as economists, strictly in terms of economics. However far the subject might tempt them into other fields, they are too well drilled in the Marshallian tradition, and too thoroughly imbued with a belief in economics ever entirely to escape the discipline of the science. But some of the nineteen Oxford economists who have contributed to this book take or leave their economics as and when it suits them. Where economics does not seem to bring satisfactory results, they show great versatility in tackling the problem as philosophers, politicians or sociologists.

Mr. Little concludes a brilliant chapter on taxation thus: "But economic problems, being problems of choice are, of course, always insoluble." The other contributors, while doubtless they appreciate the point, are less inclined to take up this attitude of philosophic acceptance. Mr. Worswick openly blames the economists for the inadequacies of economics. "It is they," he writes, "who make the most use of terms such as 'equilibrium', 'normal' and 'in the long run'" . . . while "The world in which we live is abnormal, short run, and in a state of fluctuating disequilibrium." Like all good heretics, Mr. Worswick is rebelling not to overthrow the faith, but to remedy the inadequacies of the established church. In the meantime he is willing, where science casts no light, to rely on his judgment.

It is obvious that when analysing practical problems, economists must take account of the complications of real life which they omit from their theoretical constructions. But the theory should be a tool for analysing the facts. The implication of the way parts of this book are written is that economic theory is not directly useful in dealing with large areas of the British economy today. It would seem that the economist who wishes to explore these areas must wear his theory like a loose-fitting suit of clothes or perhaps discard it altogether. This work shows that there are several alternative solutions. The least satisfactory is for the economist to confine himself to description, without employing any kind of analytical technique. But the facts of the social sciences can never be left to speak for themselves; they do not even achieve the status of facts until they have been interpreted. Then there are those bold contributors who set off into uncharted seas, relying on economics where it helps them, and on their own good sense where it does not. It was easier to do this in the infancy of economics. But today economics is at a high degree of abstraction and it is an awkward business to switch from the over-precision of the science to the broad formulations of common sense. Still, Mr. Worswick shows that it can be done with the guidance of sound judgment, while Dr. Balogh, like some ancient mariner in strange waters, finds his way by intuition when he cannot take soundings.

It is, however, not surprising that the most satisfactory parts of the book are those where a technique of analysis is at hand to fit the subject. The chapters dealing primarily with monetary problems show the best results from the use of the economic approach. This is doubtless because monetary theory is in better shape as a tool of practical analysis than are many other branches of economics. Mr. Sargent's account of the balance of payments between Britain and Europe shows how adequate this kind of economics can be. Here he makes it compass the workings of an extremely complicated mechanism. The economic interpretation fits the facts like a glove. One finishes the chapter feeling that another piece of the economic jungle has been cleared.

A notable success is also achieved by those contributors who refuse to make shift with a *soi-disant* science that doesn't appear to be useful for the purpose in hand, and turn to other approaches, and other disciplines. Mr. Briggs writes about the social services primarily as an historian and sociologist. Curiously enough, this does not obscure the economic problem. Seen against the background of other than economic considerations, the problem of cost comes up in relief. Mr. Chester writes about the machinery of central government, not primarily as an economist, but as a student of administration. His technique throws much light on the problem of why our economic planning goes so badly off the rails. Mr. Wilson, writing rather as an economist, also makes some good points about the technique of planning. If all the contributors had stuck to the economic party line this might have been a more coherent book. But it would have been narrower in range, and perhaps have sacrificed truth to tidiness. It will be up to Cambridge—or London—to show whether the gains offset the losses. There is not space to mention every sound contribution individually, but taken as a whole one may congratulate Mr. Worswick and Miss Ady on bringing it off. They had the double task of writing their own contributions and of organising the work of seventeen other economists with highly individual views. And every student of economics will bless them for their consideration in providing a full bibliography. The reader may only regret that two highly distinguished Oxford economists, Mr. Burchardt and Mr. MacDougall, remained in the background as guides and critics in the compilation of this survey, and did not directly contribute themselves.

RICHARD WINTER

PLAYING THE GAME

Games for Grown-ups and Others. By MARGUERITE KOHL and FREDERICA YOUNG. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Phœnix Dictionary of Games. By J. B. PICK. *Phœnix House.* 15*s.*

Party Games. By HUBERT PHILLIPS. *Witherby.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These three useful books are going to fill even the best hostesses with a sense of inadequacy. You thought, did you not, that, with the last fragments of *surprise de meat-loaf* safely lowered and the second bottle of *clos de Bechuanaland* lasting splendidly out, you might tactfully lead the conversation on to such absorptions as thermodynamics or Byzantine liturgical music? Not a bit of it. Your guests are eager to be up and doing. What about Musical Laps for a start (yes: Musical Chairs, but with a chummy twist) and then a round or two of Guggenheim or Pinchy Winchy (which involves the players "being all marked up with burned cork")? On summer evenings, why not shoo everybody into the garden and start Relievo?

The authoresses of *Games for Grown-ups and Others* have clearly experienced lulls in conversation and disliked them. In the section called Get Off to a Good Start, there are Grab the Plate (carry on "until everybody's reserve has broken down"), Pardon My Pointing, On My Left (which will "help everyone get acquainted"), and The Spider Web ("This game is started practically as soon as the guests are inside the front door"). With the ice not only broken but smashed into smithereens, go on to the Fun But Foolish chapter, passing oranges using only the chin and shoulder, or trying Poker Face (no tickling allowed), Tilly Williams, What's a Mugwump?, or The Ventriloquist ("There's no particular reason for this game except the laughs"). Questions are suggested for the Quiz Game (Is a banshee male or female? What is an abacus? What is Ogham?), and answers given (Ogham is not a Surrey village but an ancient Irish alphabet). In an alarming section called For the Energetic, there are Pass the Hot Potato, Balance the Egg, Get the Marshmallow, and The Big Stretch (both sexes, "if the girls are game"). Beware of interference: "If the group pleasure is still at a peak, don't arbitrarily call the fun to a halt" by sug-

gesting a game of Billboard. There may still be a face unsmeared with marshmallow.

The Phœnix Dictionary of Games describes how to play no fewer than 458 games, and manages to be extremely readable and amusing. Its aim is clear:

> It is for all who expect to find themselves in a field with a ball and six children; in a drawing-room with a grandmother, two aunts and a pack of cards; in a gymnasium with a class of unruly boys and no ball; in a nursery school on a wet afternoon; on a playground with two friends and a sense of tedium.

Mr. Pick's variety is astonishing. There are Egg Hat, Scramball, Smuggle the Geg, Pack Gnat, Moshie, Plunkers, Slobberhannes, and Are You There, Jenkins? (not connected with Up Jenkins, and necessitating letting fly at people's heads with a rolled newspaper). When next you throw stones at bottles in the sea, realise that you are playing Bottleships. The author gives added interest to familiar games and treats them with a novel mixture of humour and sense. Croquet ("Aim carefully and strike with grave, firm and persuasive accuracy"); Golf ("Approach the green with sturdy care"); Gathering Cockles ("Players line up *qui vive* and all akimbo"); Blind Man's Buff ("It is jolly to think that this game is probably connected by origin with early rites of human sacrifice"); Slave Market ("The most attractive girls present are put up for auction—they may stand on the table if they promise not to giggle"). Rounders, surely the most delightful of all games, finds a place; it may be played by "young, skinny, pompous, gay, short, stolid, volatile, vicious, virtuous, sad, athletic, bandy and barbaric."

Mr. Hubert Phillips's *Party Games* are mainly sedentary, and admirers of his remarkable erudition in another medium need not fear that the Quiz Games will be entirely beyond them; if you are doubtful who was the first of the conspirators to stab Julius Cæsar, or which fish has been scientifically bred for thousands of years, answers are given (Casca and goldfish). It is difficult to imagine such a book being better done, or more engagingly illustrated (Pearl Falconer). Hostesses are advised not to behave like drill sergeants, and there are suggested games programmes for Young People, "Mixed bags," and Mezzobrows.

One would hardly expect it, but Mr. Phillips's ice-breaker (in the Getting Together chapter) is even more questionable than those of Miss Kohl and Miss Young. Everybody removes a shoe: the hostess collects them and then distributes a shoe to each guest (feminine shoes to the gentlemen and vice versa). If tracing your shoe "does not effect a satisfactory introduction it is doubtful if anything will." Is it curmudgeonly to state that hobbling about among strangers and clutching a size five Court would put one guest at least in a state of extreme vexation for the rest of the evening?

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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CONTEMPORARIES

The Bedside 'Guardian'. Selected by IVOR BROWN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Spectator Harvest. Foreword by WILSON HARRIS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Nothing is more plainly recognisable and nothing less readily definable than the "tone" of a newspaper. To say it is the sum-total of its writers and their attitudes is not enough; all writers are not, as it were, equally assimilable in the harmonious whole a good newspaper should be. Then there are the regular readers: their response to the tone, expressed in the regular purchase of the paper, helps to perpetuate it. Which points, perhaps, to the largest single factor determining tone, which is tradition; not merely continuity of policy on public issues, but continuity of nuance, both in attitudes and expression. It is the nuance, in fact, that makes the tradition; it is Hardy's family face "projecting trait and trace" through a succession of contributors, editors and even, at times, proprietors.

So, when one approaches *The Bedside 'Guardian'*, which Mr. Ivor Brown had anthologised from the issues of the *Manchester Guardian* for what is roughly the income tax year 1951-52, and *Spectator Harvest*, which is Mr. Wilson Harris's gleanings from the files of his weekly for a similar period, one is concerned not only with the literary quality of the books but also with how far each has succeeded in transmitting the tone of the paper from which it derives. If in this respect Mr. Brown has been more successful than Mr. Harris, it is because he has remembered that a newspaper, whether daily or weekly, is primarily a newspaper. Reading the selection he has made from it, anyone, no matter how ignorant of the *Guardian* he might be, could deduce the newspaper it is. A leading article at the time of the last election, Mr. Boardman on Parliament or reporting the funeral of King George VI, Mr. Alistair Cooke surveying the American scene, Mr. Norman Shrapnel reviewing *Two Cheers for Democracy* or visiting Bolton, Mr. Hope-Wallace at the opera, Mr. Iain Hamilton at a literary luncheon, they compose what is sometimes called a total gesture. Liberal and learned, yes; serious but never solemn; endlessly curious about the human scene; yet writing always as if they had all the time in the world to polish their sentences and turn their phrases. The *Guardian* has always been a dandiacal paper, perhaps in reaction against the environment from which it springs. At times in the past, one can't help thinking, it has been too dandiacal: C. E. Montague, with his craftily tessellated prose, and Mr. Cardus on cricket—though here he is excellent on music—were often too much of a good thing. Today, to judge from this selection, the dandyism is under control, and the better for it. The wit remains: what could be better than Mr. Shrapnel's description of E. M. Forster's liberalism as being "with the smallest initial letter, as if anxious at once to lose its deposit"? Mr Brown has compiled a most entertaining and civilised volume.

Part of the trouble with Mr. Wilson Harris's collection, if one is interested in the tone of his paper, is that he has entirely suppressed what he too modestly calls the "pedestrian paragraphs" of Janus. A cement is lacking, the cement of the times, of history in the background. The reader completely ignorant of *The Spectator* would take away from this book the notion that it was mainly concerned with looking backwards. There is, for the most part, an elegiac note: organ-blowers are replaced by newfangled electrical apparatus; paraffin is ousted from parish churches by electric lights; "there are too many dull, apathetic people"—this from Mr. George Robey—"quick in temper . . . and wholly incapable of extracting the least fun from the simple pleasures of life". Mrs. Angela Thirkell is distressed because the lower orders ("as I shall continue to call them with admiration and respect") pronounce "Zebra" "Zebbra", quite forgetting that they, like this particular lower order, may have reassured themselves by looking up the word in the *Shorter Oxford*; but perhaps it all fits in with Lord Dunsany's observation "that it is in this age, when the upper class had been harder hit in all countries than perhaps in any other time, that we have the obscenities and insanities of what is called 'modern verse'". In this pervading atmosphere of looking backward it is not surprising that Mr. Spender, on W. H. Auden, and M. Sartre, in his eloquent celebration of Gide, appear somewhat uncomfortable. Mr. Harold Nicolson, however, bland, urbane, elegant, worldly, straddles it like a colossus: his is the true Addisonian note, without the priggishness.

The verse, incidentally, "modern" or otherwise, is, with perhaps three exceptions, banal:

> And I remember, bumping on the road,
> It was in Hampshire that Keats wrote the Ode.

No, Mr. Harris's garnering does not quite capture the tone of the paper we read each week.

WALTER ALLEN

THE GERMAN MUSE

The Poems of Hölderlin. Translated with a critical study by MICHAEL HAMBURGER. *Harvill Press.* 18*s.*

German Lyric Poetry. By S. S. PRAWER. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Hölderlin. By L. S. SALZBERGER. *Bowes & Bowes.* 6*s.*

Storm and Stress. By H. B. GARLAND. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hamburger's Introduction and translation make a climax to the heightened interest in Hölderlin during the past twenty years. This does not mean that they are the last word on the subject; for, from what I have recently seen of the work in the Hölderlin archives which is now going on in Tübingen, probably within a few years several of the poems here, and some of the conclusions, will be revised.

It is perhaps an essential part of the Hölderlin legend that the poetry and the life-story of the greatest Romantic poet should be in a constant state of flux. In this way it is possible to re-create the poet who was struck by the gods and rejected by Goethe, again and again. Hölderlin's passion for Greece, his love for Susette Gontard (wife of a banker and the Diotima of his poems) and his madness, have a peculiar significance for us. Though it is less earthy than the legend of Henry James, we embrace the Hölderlin legend with the same humility for what is perhaps the same reason. Both assert the supreme validity of the life of beauty and art, and if neither writer had the crassness to make a religion of art, both considered the task of the *dichter* as holy.

The Hölderlin story has not been better told than in Mr. Hamburger's Introduction, which in some ways is a greater poetic achievement than his translations, beautiful as several of them are. There are also analyses of *Hyperion*—Hölderlin's long prose-poem—and his verse play *Empedocles*, which are the most illuminating I have read on these works. Mr. Hamburger's essay is full of interesting asides, such as his remarks about Goethe.

He points out that most of Hölderlin's "odes and elegies can be divided into a thesis, an antithesis, and a final fusion, the synthesis, which is beyond sorrow and emotional conflict." What is controversial about Hölderlin, and will perhaps make him always a poet whom some accept and others reject, is precisely the nature of this "fusion"; the etherial serenity of the arrival at the Greek ideal, in the beautiful *Bread and Wine*, for example. To my mind, the first two sections of this poem, before the poetry has left the earth, are much more interesting than the last six, where he is among the Olympians. Mr. Hamburger's Introduction suggests that Hölderlin's poetry was paradoxically saved by his approaching madness. This is to say, the imminence of instanity postponed the point at which the conflict between thesis and antithesis is resolved, so that the struggle with life is carried forward into the struggle with deity in the later poems. The gods become Hölderlin's inner conflict in a poem like *Patmos*, where they are too easily ideal in *Bread and Wine*.

The translations themselves are rather uneven. It seems to me that with the poems in the German variety of the Sapphic metre, Mr. Hamburger is not successful in creating an English form which corresponds to the German. He also introduces inversions which sacrifice the simplicity of the original. Yet I would hardly complain were it not for the high standard he sets by his remarkable success with some of the other translations. In one or two cases, as with *To the Poets*, he has written what is an extraordinarily beautiful and satisfying poem in English. He is generally happiest in translating the free verse poems and those in hexameters.

It is encouraging that two intelligent introductions to Hölderlin should appear at the same time. For Miss Salzberger's, which appears in Messrs. Bowes and Bowes' excellent series of Studies in European Literature and Thought, is also of the highest interest. She covers much the same ground as Mr. Hamburger, but one gains by reading both of these essays.

Dr. S. S. Prawer's *German Lyric Poetry* is an admirable, suggestive discussion of the subject. I can think of no book more likely to stimulate the student, and to make lovers of German poetry reconsider certain of their judgments. Dr. Prawer's method is to analyse several poems rather fully. In making these analyses he is thoroughly aware of recent methods of criticism; perhaps part of the value of his book is that he uses a modern English critical apparatus to judge these German poems. Too often one is bewildered in approaching poetry in another language by the complete difference in standards of criticism from those we use in judging English poems. It has often been pointed out that the German lyric suffers from having been so often written with a view to being set to music. But reading Dr. Prawer's examples and his analyses, it strikes me that German poetry is not so much written for music as by a people whose way of thinking is musical rather than visual. By this I do not mean that German poets excel in word-music (though certain of them do), but that their imagery is auditory rather than visual. They write for the most part a kind of blind man's poetry in which the images—of mountains, birds, vineyards, and so on—tend to be unparticularised and used for creating effects of tonal colour. The few occasions on which Goethe really *sees* something stick out a mile from the rest of German poetry; and if Hölderlin has a visual quality it is because his poetry seems soaked in the sun and the landscape of the Neckar, not that any scene is very sharply visualised.

Probably if Goethe had not gone through a *Sturm und Drang* period we would never have heard of such a thing. But in fact he emerged out of the movement of Storm and Stress. In Professor Garland's book we see von Klinger, Lenz, Heinrich Leopold, Wagner, Friedrich Muller, Schubart and the rest as a kind of mud clinging to the skirts of Goethe. "Remember that these are the years of passion and follies," wrote Lenz on June 3, 1772. One of his follies was to make love to all Goethe's mistresses. For a time he even managed to confuse the public into thinking that his plays and stories were the equal of Goethe's, but "in 1776 his powers began to flag, though his mind was not to give way for more than another year." He went to Weimar, but quickly realised that he could not "stand the pace . . . As Goethe had unknowingly determined Lenz's path, so did he, with equal innocence, occasion Lenz's failure and, in the long run, his insanity." But Lenz was not the only Storm and Stress writer who committed the folly of calling on Goethe after he had become the ducal minister.

STEPHEN SPENDER

FATHER WORSHIP

Jan Christian Smuts. By J. C. SMUTS. *Cassell.* 25s.

J. C. Smuts was ill-advised to write this biography of J. C. Smuts. The relationship of father and son is of the kind which makes it almost impossible for the one to write a good biography of the other. Occasionally you get a very clever little waspish man, like Gosse, who hates his father sufficiently to enable him to write a good book about him. But to get rid of the Œdipus complex in clouds of incense does not produce a convincing or even readable biography. Field-Marshal Jan Christian Smuts was, no doubt, an admirable husband and father and a very distinguished man, but the picture of him as the Christ-like figure with the little children in his arms presented to us in this book (and in its photographs) is really too oleographical. Mr. J. C. Smuts is unfortunately handicapped not only by his relationship, but also by his lack of the equipment required by a writer of this kind of book. He is an undistinguished, flat, naive writer. His inaccuracy and ignorance of history are devastat-

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Sir John Rothenstein *on Hesketh Pearson's 'Whistler'*
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Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald *on Natural History* Paul Jennings *on Humour*
Graham Greene *on Norman Douglas*

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ing. For instance, he appears to believe that Joseph Chamberlain was Secretary of State and annexed the Transvaal in 1877 (page 27)! He gets Milner's parentage wrong (page 43). It is not true that Hitler conducted the war from the Reich Chancellery in Berlin (page 156). It is not true that six weeks before Italy capitulated Mussolini "had been kidnapped by German paratroopers before he could come across to the Allies" (page 430). On page 448 we are told that "anticyclones made flying conditions in the Bay of Biscay too hazardous," a really incredible meteorological phenomenon. On page 460 we learn that the American atomic bomb produced "temperatures a hundred times greater than those in the heart of the sun."

The book cannot be treated as a serious biography. The worst of it is that this kind of book blurs the reader's eyes, and after one has read 500 pages of its amiable meandering inaccuracies, one has less idea of what Smuts was like or what he really achieved than when one started. Before I read this book my impression of Smuts was that he was a clever fellow (though not quite as clever as he made out), an extremely wily politician, a man with a supple conscience manipulated by an iron will. He seemed to be an exceptionally clear-sighted and often far-sighted statesman, with a great capacity for "getting things done." But now that I have read this book I feel that I *know* less about him; he has become merely a blur. What he said in his books and speeches, as quoted here, is all extraordinarily second-rate. As a practical man, whether soldier, politician, or administrator, he was probably first-class. In the higher realms of statesmanship he seems to be self-contradictory. On the crucial question of native policy, he knew what was right and chose what was wrong. On the Versailles Treaty, again, he was one of the few statesmen in Paris who saw clearly what was being done and knew what ought to be done, yet he compromised with folly and evil until it was too late. Perhaps he was one of those "great men" who are absolutely ruthless in doing evil that good may come of it, but are too tender-hearted to be absolutely ruthless in just doing good. However, as I say, his son has destroyed any capacity that I may have had of understanding Jan Christian Smuts.

LEONARD WOOLF

MORAL DISCOURSE

The Language of Morals. By R. M. HARE. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The recent linguistic revolution in philosophy, which at the time was held even by its supporters, and is still held by the ignorant and the irresponsible, to involve the total eclipse of traditional moral philosophy, in fact has done its most effective and certainly its least controversial work in just this very field. The new method evolved, that of treating all philosophical problems as problems to be solved solely by reference to language and usage, has produced interesting and exciting results across the whole range of its application; but nowhere has it been so transparently justified as in the field of ethical speculation. At its touch, outstanding problems have proved readily soluble and old solutions acquired a fresh efficacy. If anyone is still unconvinced on this score, he could not possibly do better than to read this new book by a young Oxford philosopher.

Even in the title of the book, we can detect Mr. Hare's indebtness to the linguistic movement. It has been recognised by many philosophers that a sharp distinction can be drawn between moral philosophy and morality, but no one ever succeeded in drawing this distinction unambiguously before the advent of this new method. We may put the point like this: when two people disagree over a moral issue, there is clearly a point of disagreement between them—but equally clearly there is also a point of agreement. How is this to be expressed? We might say that the two people disagree about what is right and wrong, but agree about the nature of rightness and wrongness. But this is obscure. What produces illumination is to say that they disagree about what is right and wrong, but agree in their use of the words "right" and "wrong." And here at last we have the distinction we needed. And once we have it, it is an obvious and rational move to classify questions about what is right and wrong as belonging to morality, and questions about what is meant by the words "right" and "wrong" as belonging to moral philosophy. Moral philosophy, on this revised reading, becomes the study of the "language of morals." And, by the same token, morality is vindicated as a matter on which people must always decide for themselves and not superstitiously appeal to the philosopher for guidance.

Mr. Hare's book is, then, a study in our moral discourse. How fruitful this method is can be gauged by the effectiveness of his attack on ethical naturalism. Many of the great moral philosophers have viewed with suspicion any attempt to find a factual basis for morality, to seek out facts or sets of facts that uniquely determine what is right and what is wrong. But, as Mr. Hare shows, it is impossible to say exactly what is wrong with all such attempts until we have grasped the precise nature of moral discourse. It is only when we have understood that the primary function of moral statements is to guide and regulate our conduct, that we see why they could not either be, or be deduced from, statements of fact. In all such matters, Mr. Hare is the most precise and illuminating of guides.

On the positive side, Mr. Hare emphasises the prescriptive, as opposed to the descriptive character of ethical statements, and he compares them to commands. His own position is in essentials Kantian: Kant without Kantianism, one might say—for the conclusions are reached not by means of a metaphysical deduction but after a patient analysis of our natural moral speech, and of the usage of such words as "good" and "right" in non-moral contexts. It is indeed the accuracy, the thoroughness of this analysis that makes *The Language of Morals* by far the best introduction to moral philosophy to appear for many years.

Finally, a criticism: for one reader at least, this book was marred by the uniformly dismal character of the examples employed. We move round and round in a charmless circle, looking in turn at the merits of motor cars, the merits of fire-extinguishers, the merits of sewage effluent. Surely it was a no less serious age that expected its philosophers to illustrate their works from the poets and the historians, from the Arts and the Sciences?

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

NEW NOVELS

A Lamp for Nightfall. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Falcon Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Seekers. By JOHN GUTHRIE. *Werner Laurie.* 15*s.*

Flowering Exile. By DYMIA HSIUNG. *Peter Davies.* 15*s.*

This Alone Is True. By MRINALINI SARABHAI. *Meridian Books.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Like all best-selling novelists, Mr. Erskine Caldwell captivates his readers by providing a peculiarly habitable sense of place, by inviting them to live physically in his books. Here we are confronted at once by the "white-clapboarded salt-box houses" in the winding village streets of Clearwater, Maine. The solidly felt setting does, indeed, in this instance, much more than merely trap the reader, it enables the novelist to see life as an organic unity. Clearwater has a pattern of existence as rigidly conventional as that of Miss Compton-Burnett's late Victorians; and, as in her world, here is one where in the isolated home the head of the family wields complete power.

Mr. Caldwell's *coup de théâtre* this time is the suicide—in the manner of the heroine of *The Wild Duck*—of Thede Emerson's son, Howard. The boy wanted his liberty (in the form of money with which to go to College), but Thede, motivated by a quite irrational meanness, determined to keep him home as an unpaid hired man. Howard's pitiable weakness, his more than fraternal attachment to his sister, the silent, selfish complacency of the mother—each stroke of characterisation neatly fits into a plot of slowly mounting sombreness. Even after the event, Thede has no remorse. He is glad he didn't give in.

This outlandish study of the consequences of rock-hard human stubbornness is placed accurately in a closely observed socialogical context. In Maine the severity of nature makes the cultivation of the earth a Sisyphean labour; Mr. Caldwell reveals this fact in empirical, human terms.

> Juniper was beginning to choke out the grass in the pastures; wild blackberry briars were covering the crop land; the old hayfields were already shoulder-high with grey birch; and white pine seedlings grew in every available opening. A stranger would have hesitated to believe that the farm had once been given expert care. . . .
>
> But Thede was not worried about the present-day appearance of Autumn Hill, nor did he regret that it no longer looked as it once had. He now had his interest to compute, his bank statements to check, and his bond coupons to collect.

Beautifully, bleakly appalling, this doggedly direct novel is the work of an intensely disciplined, penetrating master-craftsman.

The Seekers is an even more melodramatic but altogether less concentrated novel. Mr. Guthrie evinces nothing comparable to Mr. Caldwell's palpable descriptive power in his delineation of nineteenth-century London, and New Zealand (during the pioneer days of the white man). He uses these settings in the manner of the allegorical thriller, setting off the Land of Promise against the City of Corruption. His main theme appears to be the impact of the English *pakeha* and his Christian principles upon the mind of an old and wise Maori chieftain, but the subject is cheapened through Mr. Guthrie's excessive use of trick suspense, together with a quite adventitious interracial, adulterous love-affair and the grand filmic siege and holocaust at the end.

The fallacious theory that everyone has one interesting book in him still dies hard among the

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bilingual—*Flowering Exile* and *This Alone Is True* are its most recent products. Mrs. Hsiung's "autobiographical excursion" tells the intimate story of a Chinese family who lived in England during the war. The prolix string of personal events give the impression of having been worked up from a detailed journal, and apart from one or two revealing moments they seemed to me to be tedious. "Many matters the size of a pin-point linger clearly in my mind while not a single important thing remains fixed." The author, I could not help feeling, shared this annoying trick of memory with one of her characters.

Though *This Alone Is True* concerns the writer's own profession of dancing, it is only obliquely autobiographical. Objectively conceived in the setting of modern India, the form of social prejudice the novel exposes is the one that exercised European dramatists round about the period of *Caste*. A comfortably brought-up Indian girl has a passionate vocation for Indian classical dancing; but, since professional women dancers were at the time social outcasts, her future mother-in-law refused to accept her. Mrinalini Sarabhai's novel has a documentary interest which is much greater than its rather limited artistic one.

ANTHONY CURTIS

SOME CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

FOR children with an ear, and to delight their parents too, Dr. Percy Young's *Carols of the Twelve Days of Christmas* (Dennis Dobson, 12s 6d), which contains fifty carols, in groups from Advent to Epiphany with tunes suitably scored for the not-so-advanced pianist; the *Shell Book of Sea-Shanties* (distributed by E. H. Freeman, 95a, St. George's Road, Brighton, 10s)—twenty-five shanties with bold, coloured illustrations, reproductions of recent Shell posters.

For Christmas cards, or to fill the above children's stockings, the new series of Decca Music Guides (Cassell, 9d each)—gaily coloured little books, each with an introduction and critical notes, and plentiful music illustrations.

For people who like sailing: *English Channel* (Hodder & Stoughton, 25s)—text by Peter Temple, illustrations by Keith Baynes—about harbours, lighthouses and shores from Scilly to Dover; or the reprint of Robert Harling's *Amateur Sailor* (Chatto, 6s)—the Thames, a yawl on the Hamble, Dunkirk, Atlantic convoys on a corvette.

For the embryo host: André Simon's *How to Enjoy Wine* (Newman Neame, 5s)—advice on how to choose a wine merchant, how to serve wine, how to start a cellar, and a descriptive wine list. For those who wish to be considered epicures: a reprint of *The Epicure's Monthly Companion*, compiled by Kathleen Talbot (de la More Press, 4s 6d), with seasonable receipts (English, French, Turkish), nice little bits from antique masters of the table, and introduction by the late Sir Stephen Gaselee.

For aunts or godmothers with green fingers: Sir Stephen Tallens's *Green Thoughts* (Faber, 15s)—a countryman's essays on moles, wood fires, walnuts, nettles, country festivals, and so on; *The Naming of Wild Flowers*, by Gareth H. Browning (Williams & Norgate, 9s 6d); the new edition of MacGregor Skene's invaluable *Flower Book for the Pocket* (Oxford, 15s).

For schoolboy historians: the fourth volume of Trevelyan's *Illustrated English Social History* (Longmans, 25s), which deals with the Nineteenth Century, or a subscription to the excellent *History To-day* (33s a year for 12 issues to 72 Coleman Street, London, E.C.2); for their seniors, *The Seven Years of William IV*—John Doyle's political cartoons with text by G. M. Trevelyan (Heinemann, 42s).

For serious art-lovers: the three latest volumes of the Faber Gallery of Oriental Art (Faber, 12s 6d each)—*Persian Painting of the Fourteenth Century*, by Douglas Barrett; *Kangra Painting*, by W. G. Archer; *Japanese Colour Prints*, by Wilfrid Blunt; and the magnificent Phaidon Press *Renoir* (42s)—104 reproductions, including 17 in colour.

notable in any year

When there are presents to buy or tokens to exchange, more and more readers of *The New Statesman* are finding that it pays to look for a selection of *Turnstile* books. Here are some Christmas suggestions; not all were published in 1952 but each would be notable in any year.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

OWING to the ever-increasing flood of issues I find myself obliged, for lack of space in this column, to become even more selective than hitherto; with the result that many records, which I should have preferred to review in detail, must in future be relegated to the "also recommended" and "not recommended" categories. This is obviously less than fair to everyone concerned, but cannot at present be helped.

Orchestral. SCHUBERT: Second Symphony, B flat major (Pittsburgh SO/Steinberg **§CCL 7512). Schubert's Second Symphony deserves to be far better known than it is. The first movement is perhaps rather too much of a perpetuum mobile, but both it and the Finale are the acme of youthful high spirits, and the slow movement, a set of variations, is in Haydn's happiest vein, yet with many a touch of Schubert's personal lyricism. SCHUBERT: Unfinished Symphony (Pittsburgh) SO/Steinberg. **§CCL 7511); Ditto (RPO/Beecham. LX 8942-4). Some people may find the American performance too "glossy" and —especially in the Andante—too fast. Personally, I do not think the tempi excessive; the detail is always carefully attended to and the Andante is in any case marked "con moto." The recording is quite as good as that of the Second Symphony. In the Beecham set the tempi are more traditional and the conduct is perhaps more affectionate; but the woodwind is often submerged, and the recording generally dyspeptic. HAYDN: Symphonies No. 92, G major ("Oxford"), No. 101, D major ("Clock") (Cleveland Orch./Szell and Philadelphia Orch./Ormandy. *§CX 1028). In the quick movements of No. 92 Georg Szell secures a very stylish performance, but, in comparison with the lovely old Walter set (now deleted) his phrasing of the Adagio sounds perfunctory. The recording is clean and well ventilated, but the flute is dim and the woodwind generally too distant. In No. 101, again, the superb strings are apt to drown the wind detail, and in the Andante the tone is unsuitably hefty; otherwise this is an excellent performance. Both sides of this disc are likely to give much pleasure, and are in any case superior to the available SP versions. BERLIOZ: *Harold in Italy* (Primrose/RPO/Beecham. *§33CX 1019). It is hard to imagine a better conceived performance of this romantic and picturesque work. Since the days when he collaborated in the Boston set (now deleted) William Primrose has greatly matured his interpretation of the viola solo: his handling of the themes is more individual and poetic, his technical assurance even greater (how beautifully calm and pure in intonation are the arpeggios in the second movement). Sir Thomas manages the score with perfect comprehension, but the treble is shrill and in *forte* the whole orchestra is rather too near the listener for comfort. NIELSEN: Symphony No. 1, G minor (Danish State Radio Orch./Jensen. **§LXT 2748). Let no one suppose that, because it is only his Opus 7, this symphony is not fully characteristic of the composer: on the contrary, although it has its Brahmsian moments, this various and attractive music has most of the Nielsen finger-prints. Performance and recording admirable. The LP edition of the Third Symphony (LXT 2697), long since available in a good SP version, is quite unsuccessful, for the recording sounds consistently out of focus. SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 2, C minor, Op. 61 (Paris Conservatoire Orch./Schuricht. **§LXT 2745). With the possible exception of No. 1, Schumann's Second Symphony appears to me the most attractive of the four: it has a spontaneity lacking in Nos. 3 and 4, and the Adagio is a highly characteristic movement, haunting and wistful. This is a vigorous and convincing performance, very well recorded. SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto (Stern/RPO/Beecham. **LX 8947-LXS 8950). I take this to be the finest interpretation of the concerto yet recorded—a large statement since the rivals are Heifetz and Ginette Neveu; but neither the former's, which is brilliant but superficial, nor the latter's, more deeply musical, but somewhat reedy in tone, seems to me a match for Isaac Stern's rendering, to whose noble conception, expressive variety of tone and technical precision this recording does full justice. There are one or two patches of orchestral distortion, but these are not bad enough to detract from the impressive beauty of the set. TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4, F minor (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. §ALP 1025). This issue has much to recommend it, in particular the splendid tone of the Vienna strings; but the woodwind is never forward enough and Furtwängler's conducting lacks the fire it once brought to Tchaikovsky's symphonies. Though the Andante is badly recorded, the work as a whole comes off better in the Kleiber version (Decca LP). In its LP form, the Vienna Phil/Karajan edition of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony (§33CX 1026) is too poorly recorded to be recommended at all—a great pity, for the performance is a fine one. BEETHOVEN: *The Creatures of Prometheus*—Ballet (LPO/Van Beinum. **§LXT 2741). This version is all the better for the elision of the many dull numbers included in the complete, but less consistently well recorded, Nixa issue. There is much here, apart from the already well known Overture, which deserves to be rescued from oblivion, and Van Beinum gives it the benefit of his careful style. STRAVINSKY: *Le Sacre du Printemps* (Philharmonia/Markevitch. **§HMV CLP 1003). By the imagination and tensity of his conducting Igor Markevitch elevates this ballet, whole stretches of which are somewhat empty, to the status of a symphony. His performance is as exciting as Monteux's and better recorded even than Ansermet's. This disc is possibly the HMV engineers' most remarkable feat, for the tuttis are as realistic as the solo passages and the presence of the gramophone is forgotten. STRAUSS: *Ein Heldenleben* (Vienna Phil/Krauss. **§LXT 2729). The first section (up to the "Critics") is perhaps a little cloudy, but the rest of the work comes through so clearly and fully, and the reading is so authentic, that it seems to me niggling to withhold a second star. Also recommended: ELGAR: Violin Concerto (Heifetz/LSO/Sargent. *§ALP 1014); HANDEL: Arias, etc., for wind instruments (London Baroque Ensemble. **R 20617); HAYDN: Symphony No. 49 ("La Passione"); MOZART: Divertimento, D major, K 131 (London Mozart Players/Blech. **§LXT 2753); FALLA: *El amor brujo*—Ballet (Iriarte/Orch. **§33C 1004); FRANCK: *Variations Symphoniques* (Gieseking/Philharmonia/Karajan. *LX 8937-8); SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 5, E flat major, and *Karelia* Suite (Danish State Radio Orch/Tuxen and Ditto/Jensen. **LXT 2744).

Chamber Music and Piano. RUBBRA: Second String Quartet E flat major (Griller Qt. **§LX 3088). This is a much stronger work than the First Quartet. It is constructed with admirable lucidity and concision. The Scherzo, with its ingenious metrical device, and the cavatina, a polyphonic movement of melancholy beauty, are superior examples of the composer's ability to use elements of a style sympathetic to him (that of the English 16th century) in order to communicate a personal vision. The impression made by this discreet music becomes more firmly established with each hearing. The performance is vigorous and thoughtful. SHOSTAKOVICH: Piano Quintet, Op. 57 (Quintetto Chigiano. *§LXT 2749). This quintet, which dates from 1941, is among the composer's most serious and elaborate pieces of chamber music. The fugue seems too lengthy for its material, but the Lento—a very typical movement, with one of Shostakovich's long tunes over a skeleton accompaniment—holds the attention, and the Finale has an unpretentious charm. The Quintetto Chigiano play with confident understanding and receive an adequate recording, though the piano tone is rather dry and there is a certain amount of distortion. CHOPIN: Sonata, B minor, Op. 58 (Malcuzynski. *§33C 1005). Though neither as lyrically played nor as well recorded as the famous Lipatti SP set, this issue is worth serious attention, for Malcuzynski's eloquent playing is free from the vulgarity and hardness that sometimes disfigure his style. His view of this large and impressive sonata is consistent and authoritative. The recording is rather shallow and lacking in bass, but, with some manipulation of controls, can be made to sound well. RAVEL: *Miroirs; Gaspard de la Nuit* (Pennario. *§CTL 7019). In all but two of the pieces in these suites Leonard Pennario reaches the highest standard: in *Alborada del gracioso* he yields something to Lipatti in rhythmic control, and his *Ondine* is rather cautious (I have heard him play it much better in the concert hall). But the disc as a whole is immensely enjoyable—full of beautifully calculated pianism and the kind of poetry proper to atmospheric music. The recording of *Miroirs* is excellent, that of *Gaspard* slightly less good. Also recommended: MOZART: String Quintets, D major, K 593, and C minor, K 406 (Budapest Qt. and Milton Katims. **§33CX 1031); BEETHOVEN: Violin Sonatas, A minor, Op. 23, G major, Op. 30, No. 3 (Rostal/Osborn. *§LXT

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AT THE BANQUET

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2752); BEETHOVEN: Piano Sonatas, **C major, Op. 2, No. 3; *D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 (Backhaus. §LXT 2747).

Vocal. Complete operas: PUCCINI: *Tosca* (Tebaldi / Campora / Mascherini, etc. / Santa Cecilia Chorus and Orch/Erede. *§LXT 2730-1); Ditto (Caniglia/Gigli/Borgioli, etc./ Rome Opera Chorus and Orch/Fabritiis. §ALP 1020-1). VERDI: Aida (Tebaldi/Del Monaco/Stignani, etc./Santa Cecilia Chorus and Orch/Erede. *§LXT 2735-7). DELIBES: *Lakmé* (Robin/Libero de Luca/Borthayre etc./Paris Opéra-Comique Orch/Sébastien. **§LXT 2738-40). BIZET: *Carmen* (Michel/Jobin/Angelici/ Dens, etc. Paris Opéra-Comique Orch/Cluytens. §33CX 1016-18). Of its nature *Tosca* is the kind of opera—loud, over-emotional, dependent on stage action—which does not make good recording material, nor can it be said that either of the sets comes very near to solving the problems. The HMV dates, in its SP form, from 1938. The orchestral playing is good and well enough recorded; but the balance is very poor, and this, combined with the violent, sobbing, all-out style of the cast, soon becomes unendurably oppressive. The balance in the Decca set is better (though not perfect) and the voices more spaciously recorded; so that, although Tebaldi and Campora are scarcely at their best, the score as a whole is enjoyable, as well as sufficiently dramatic. *Aida* is more skilfully managed; Tebaldi sings with real pathos and beautifully graded tone, and the Amneris of Ebe Stignani is a most stylish assumption. Mario del Monaco suffers from an inability to drop below forte without loss of quality, but his voice has the right heroic ring. The temple scenes are admirably stereophonic. This *Aida* is likely to give more than a momentary satisfaction. The Columbia *Carmen*, on the other hand, is no improvement on the Decca set, unfavourably reviewed here some time ago. Solange Michel is a less dishevelled Carmen than Suzanne Juyol, but she does not contrive to get the character into her singing, as she does into the spoken dialogue (in itself, I feel, more suitable than Guiraud's recitatives). As Micaela I prefer Marthe Angelici to Janine Micheau, and the Escamillo of Michel Dens is excellent; but any qualities the singers possess are set at nought, over and over again, by the conductor's tempi, which are ridiculously fast and deprive scenes like the José/Micaela duet in Act 1, and the Air des fleurs, of all tenderness. Not much more than an operetta (and rather a faded one at that), *Lakmé* cannot possibly be taken seriously; but it contains some pretty things, the performance is in excellent style, and the recording first rate. (Other complete operas held over till next month.) SCHUMANN: *Dichterliebe*—song cycle; WOLF: Four songs (Souzay. §LXT 2734) Gérard Souzay always sings with intelligence and feeling: he makes the most of the milder songs in this cycle; but he misses the bitterness in "Ich grolle nicht", and in the larger numbers the poor balance makes his voice sound too loud. Though not ideal, the Aksel Schiötz set remains preferable. MAHLER: *Kindertotenlieder* (Ferrier/ Vienna Phil/Walter. **LX 8939-41). When otherwise than superbly sung, these five "songs on the deaths of children" are apt to seem monotonously lachrymose and sentimental; but Miss Ferrier is the perfect interpreter of Mahler, feeling the emotion but never overdoing it. Her cantabile phrasing is a joy to listen to, and the accompaniment is completely authoritative. A most beautiful set. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,191

Set by Peter Pastmaster

"Five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of the family off—shocking, shocking!" The usual prizes are offered for a short story dealing with a contemporary and grisly theme narrated in Mr. Jingle's manner. Limit 150 words. Entries by December 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,188

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for a Briton's poetical defence (to an American or European) of his non-centrally heated house, cottage or castle. Any verse form; limit 16 lines.

Report by J. B. Roderic

So it was the draughty halls and cold behinds of Old England that won us our far-flung Empire! I had not, I confess, fully grasped that truth before: but it has been well hammered home by Gerald Priestland.

> Toughened by rigours such as these
> They forged, across the chilly seas,
> An Empire (oppositely won
> Mostly beneath a tropic sun)

or, as Pibwob put it—

Then, if feeling he's frost-bitten in his home, the proper Briton,
(Cecil Rhodes, for one), seeks other climes for health;
Extensive emigration is a symptom of our nation
Which has flowered in the British Commonwealth.

Moral superiority had, of course, a field day—Guy Kendall's view was typical:

> How craven and base! not willingly face
> A chilly hip-bath in the basement?
> For the breaking of ice is a foe to all vice,
> And so is the draught from the casement.—

while the medical aspect was noted by John Phillips:

> All they who heat by steam
> Pipes, or electric scheme
> And against draughts blaspheme
> End dehydrated.

Honourable mention to all these, and to Margaret Dunnett. Prizes of a guinea and half each to P. M. and Elaine Morgan; one guinea each to H. A. C. Evans, and A. M. Sayers and half a guinea to Arthur Oliver and Graeme Wilson.

I wish you wouldn't keep repeating your praises of central-heating because *I* call it cheating
Even when one's frightfully rich to have all those comforts which, in my opinion, one should *deserve*—turned on with a switch,

Or handed on a plate, or done up in a parcel;—no, home life in house cottage or castle *ought* to be a bit of a struggle, or, as we Scots say, "a warstle."

What real man, with the glass below zero wants to be a fiddling Nero?—Rather—like a hero—
He risks anæsthesia tickling up the geysia—and when its freezier
He lags the cistern, and hurries when it's his turn
To fetch coal—nor thinks it scandal to rig up a flower-pot and candle in the room with the name on the handle:

This being done, moreover, without damning, blasting, or other obscenities in willing sacrifice to his Lares and Penates, then, and only then it is his right to enjoy domestic amenities.

* * *

And if you consider all this utterly nit-wittish and frozen mittish, well I suppose it's just being British. P. M.

Nothing (not ev'n the patter of tiny feet)
Cements a Marriage like the dearth of heat.
Observe this Pair before their dying fire:
His eyebrows lower and her chin juts higher,
But though each angry heart would gladly seek
A lone and icy Couch—the flesh is weak,
And British bedrooms (given British weather)
Are guaranteed to pitch them in together.
Soon he perceives, beginning at his knees,
A Benison his glacial Pride unfreeze,
While she feels, from some chill outlying part,
The self-same Warmth steal up and melt her Heart. . . .
You say you save on Coal—but that's just funny,
Considering what you spend on Alimony.
ELAINE MORGAN

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Before the Roman came to Kent, acquisitive and dire,
The Ancient British housewife made the Ancient British fire,
A smoky fire, a poky fire, a fire of coal and wood,
And one that didn't always burn as hotly as it should.

The Ancient British fire within the Ancient British grate
For years has warmed one half of every body in the State.
But Britons are a curious lot; we really do not mind
If we are nicely cooked in front and frozen hard behind.

You came, our last invaders, from your brash America,
With jeers and dirty cracks about our *frividaria*;
You tried to educate us in your funny foreign ways,
With talk of central heating, like the Roman of old days.

But Britons are conservative and independent folk.
We love an independent fire, a fire that we can poke;
And, as the Roman failed, so all must fail who would aspire
To rob the Modern Briton of his Ancient British fire.

H. A. C. EVANS

Bless the rigours of our climate, nurses of a hardy race!
What our sires, in hall and hovel faced with courage, we can face.
Not for us the basement furnace, turning to a languorous fug
Rooms in which our Spartan forbears seldom sat without a rug;
Not this artificial summer stealing upwards through the floors,
Warming housemaids in the attics—when it's winter out of doors.
Let us, when we quit the fireside, brave the icy sheets, like those
Who, though roasted in the parlour, later, in the bedroom, froze.
Let the pandering foreign plumber his luxurious schemes unroll
Till the pipes of central heating thump and bump from pole to pole.
Not for us the alien bathrooms where the hot Niagaras foam;
Better far the temperate trickle dribbling into baths of Home;
Better still, the stern tradition of the place where I was born—
Half a can of lukewarm water cooling in the Christmas morn.

A. M. SAYERS

The wretched sea-slug,
From which you and I are descended,
Breathed mud and stayed put; for it sought
No advancement as men did.

How retrograde, then,
To accustom oneself to an airless,
Warm dungeon like yours. If you die
I, myself, could not care less.

But for those who have lungs
It seems foolish to set back the clocks. I'd
Presumably grow like a slug
On your carbon mon-oxide.

ARTHUR OLIVER

My house, if sometimes cold, is never hot;
It was not built to save my wife from labour;
And, though the State's not mine, it still is not
Run to appease my children or my neighbour.

GRAEME WILSON

CHESS: Our Christmas Gift for Rubinstein

No. 168

More exactly a birthday gift, and indeed on December 12 a telegram was sent to congratulate the master on his 70th birthday and to advise him of the sum of money collected by readers of this column. The response to the appeal was most generous, and the £45 11s. 2d. raised has been remitted to Belgium and should have reached the recipient a day or two before this goes to press. Many contributions were accompanied by charming tributes to the master, such as Dr. I. Bronowski's who added the interesting personal note that he learnt his chess from his father who, in turn, learnt it with (and from) Rubinstein at their talmud school in Lodz. Some readers, though clearly hard up themselves, sent a few shillings rather than miss showing their gratitude to the old master. Here is the alphabetical list of contributors.

Eric Allan, J. Anderson Stewart, Anonymous (3), Assiac, F. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, M. W. Beckerman, J. Bronowski, C. H. Brown, Edwin Brown, B. W. Clapp, R. W. B. Clarke, D. F. Cohen, A. Collingridge, P. A. Cooke, H. S. Dowsett, G. Fowler, Dr. Garratt, H. J. Gawlik, A. J. Gasquoine, L. S. G. Gerber, R. H. Gunn, R. J. Hackett, Leslie Hale, J. R. Harman, W. E. Holden, E. Hopkinson, E. Kaye, M. Kaye, R. Kelly, H. Lobbenberg, Basil Lorcas, W. T. Macall Kingsley Martin, D. J. Meade, C. J. Morse, F. R. Oliver, J. E. Pattle, O. Penrose, Mr. and Mrs. Rivlin, R. E. Robinson, A. J. Roycraft, R. Russell, C. Sandberg, P. B. Sarson, H. G. Schenk, A. Schneider, M. Shanson, S. R. Shaw, T. Sharp, F. T. Slater, M. A. Sutherland, Leonard Walls, P. C. Wason, H. O. White (for a Dublin collection).

With very little space left I will come straight to the 30 points available for ladder competitors who wish to make some proper use of these holidays conveniently lodged between week-ends. **A** is the usual 4-pointer for beginners, a game position in which White administered a neat mate in 4 moves. While this is almost too easy, **B** (a 5-pointer) is hardly more difficult. It is a classic, probably well known to the more erudite competitors, and a very pleasing piece indeed. White is to mate in 8 moves. As for **C**—a 4-mover—this is a classic too, and the problem addicts are almost bound to know it. But I suppose that the majority of competitors may well have to do some hard thinking to earn these particular 6 ladder-points. **D** and **E**, being endgame studies both of them, are more like our usual fare. They are both wins for White, and while neither of them is easy enough to be solved at a glance they are none too difficult either; in rating them 7 and 8 points respectively I am entirely guided by seasonal largesse.

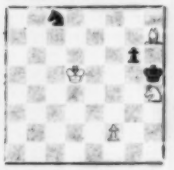
A: Santasiere 1926

B: Author Unknown

C: Kohtz & Kockelkorn 1911

D: V. Halberstadt 1951

E: Herbstmann 1945



Usual prizes. Entries by December 29.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

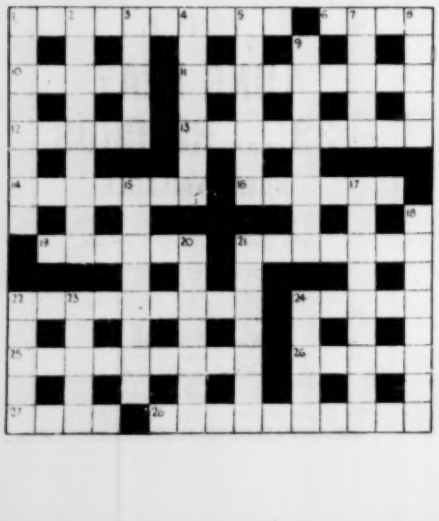
Set November 29

A: Q x KtP ch! (1) . . . K x Q is countered by (2) R-Kt3 ch K-R3, (3) B-B1 ch, followed by B-K2 ch and mate next move.
B: (1) P-R5, Kt x P ch, (2) K-B6, Kt-K5 ch, (3) Kt x Kt, P x P, (4) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Kt1! (5) B-R2, B-Kt2, (6) K-B7, B-R3, (7) K-B8, B-Q6, (8) B-Kt6, B-Kt3, (9) B-R7, B x B, (10) Kt-B7 mate if (5) . . . P-R5, (6) K-B7, P-R6, (7) K-B8, P-B7, (8) Kt-B7 ch, K-R2, (9) B-Kt1 ch and mates next move.
C: (1) R-QR4 ch, K x R, (2) Kt-K5 ch, K-Kt6, (3) B-B7 ch, K-B7, (4) B-Kt6 ch, K-Q8, (5) B-R5 ch, K-B8, (6) Kt-Q3 ch, K-Q7! (7) Kt x Q, P-B7, (8) Kt-Q1! etc., if (1) . . . K-Kt6, (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-B7, (3) B-Kt6 ch, K-Q7, (4) R-QB4, P-B7 ch, (5) K-R7, P queens, (6) R x Q etc.

Though both **B** and **C** were far from easy I got a surprisingly large number of correct solutions, too many to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. J. Hackett, A. E. Harris, F. R. Oliver, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 27



ACROSS

1. Bull-fighter's sister? (10).
6. With a hundred included in the score it stays at the top (4).
10. Carpenter's legal property (5).
11. What may be found on the other side of the record? (9)
12. Chaucer's cook (5).
13. Writer to join up afterwards (9).
14. Dessert produced by an address to the kitchen equipment (7).
16. The freedom of oriental scene-painting (6).
19. Help is needed in a ruined agency (6).
21. It is about seven, so turn over (7).
22. It is cut short, but well below the ears (5, 4).
24. Near the end (5).
25. A seaside resort has the smallest altitude in many instances (9).
26. Browning's poor brother (5).
27. Cross after the swelling river (4).
28. Mouldy food brings disease onto a mountain (10).

DOWN

1. Number of sugar beet? (4, 4)
2. It is the turn of angels in Women's Institutes to provide something for a drink (9).
3. Conduct two parties (5).
4. Spoils a theologian in King's (7).
5. Decoction (7).
7. Temperatures given in centigrade mislead (5).
8. Cricketer or dignitary (5).
9. Paper headgear (8).
15. Pocket a drink (8).
17. Malicious writer to murder a Browning! (6, 3)
18. She makes the writer of 17 run off with her (8).
20. Vehicles overturned around the town; fuel is at an end and this completes the confusion (7).
21. Matthews for England—there may be a cable about it (7).
22. Arms red (5).
23. A county suffers a capital loss for ever (5).
24. Poet who cannot quite end a newspaper contribution (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 26

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for North-West Derbyshire, with the salary and status of Lecturer in the University. Salary scale: £500 × £50 to £1,100 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should have a good honours degree in one of the subjects ordinarily taught in W.E.A. and adult classes. Applications should be sent not later than January 26, 1953, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

CITY of Birmingham. Assistant Statistician. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant (male or female) in the Central Statistical Office of the Town Clerk's Department. Candidates should have a University Degree in Science, Mathematics or Economics. Experience of research involving the analysis and interpretation of mass data will be an advantage. The appointment will be for a period of twelve months in the first instance. Salary A.P.T. IV (£555–£15–£600). Applications giving age, where educated, details of degrees, diplomas, etc., particulars of any previous occupations, including details of statistical training and experience, with names of three referees to the Town Clerk, Room 30B, Council House, Birmingham, 1, not later than January 3, 1953.

B.B.C. requires Variety Producer in Manchester. Duties involve normal activities of Producer in Variety field, including organising activities of Northern Variety Orchestra and handling certain productions in which it participates. Good knowledge of Variety Music is essential. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "V.P. Man. N. Stn.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant for Spanish Section. Requirements include thorough knowledge of Peninsular Spanish (as mother tongue) and English, ability to translate perfectly from English into Spanish and to read faultlessly in Peninsular Spanish at microphone, ability to type, knowledge of present-day international affairs, journalistic or literary experience and interest in British way of life. Selected candidates will be required to undergo tests. Appointment not normally for more than three years. Salary £710 (possibly higher for exceptional qualifications) with prospects of promotion. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Spanish P.A., N.Stn.," within 14 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Schoolmaster and Woman Teacher's Chronicle, the weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers, reqs. an Editorial Assistant. Duties mainly sub-editing, but some reporting. Salary: £600. The post is superannuable. Applications, stating age, particulars of education and experience, together with copies of recent testimonials and names of refs., should reach the Editor, Hamilton House, Hastings St., London, W.C.1, by January 17.

TUBERCULOSIS. The London County Council invites applications from holders of Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of Sociology, who have practical experience in Social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Islington Chest Clinic, at Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, N.7. Salary £480–£600. Duties include social and secretarial work with the local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Application form with particulars from Divisional Medical Officer, 53 Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1, should be returned by January 5. (1298)

SOCIAL Worker (Woman) required for experimental scheme amongst old people in Hampshire country town. Experience in case work essential; in medical social work, social administration, social research, an advantage. Scheme planned for 5-year period. Salary to be discussed but not less than £500 p.a. Superannuation. Applications, with names of three referees by January 5, 1953, to: The Secy., National Corporation for the Care of Old People, 33 Doughty St., London, W.C.1.

VACANCIES exist for Assistant Secretaries with Y.M.C.A.s in England. These posts offer an opportunity of full-time service with a world-wide Movement. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; and good health. Write, giving full particulars of exp. and qualifications, to S/12 Personl. Sec., National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

AGENTS with contacts, to work on commission, in all major cities: (a) buckles and everything for ladies' belt trade, (b) mathematical plastic drawing instruments, (c) advert. novelties, showcards, etc. Convex, Ltd., 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

REQUIRED smart intelligent secretary, able correspondent, business initiative, costing, experience in taking charge of small office, closed Jewish holidays. Write details of experience and salary to Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., London, N.7. To commence January.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff placed—perm. and temp. Typing/Duplictg., Translatns., Trafalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BERLIN Ph.D., 49, by Ministry of Ed. as qualif. recognised male teacher, 16 years private coaching and school exper., various countries, 13 years Spanish speaking overseas, one year English Grammar School which post still holding, seeks post recognised day-school; offers German, Spanish to advanced level of G.C.E., Maths., Physics to ordinary level, some knowledge of French. Person-to-pers. preld. In or near University town. Excellent testimonials and references. Box 5548.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

OX. grad. (27) shs. post sch., tut., Jan.–July. English subjects. Exp. teacher-lecturer abroad (British Institute). Box 5497.

ALL kinds of typing executed evenings, week-ends. 'Phone before 9.15 a.m. MEA. 3146 or write Box 5607.

FRENCH student, recommended by last employer, free Jan. 1, seeks salaried position Mother's Help. Some leisure for study. London only. Briançon. FLA. 3878.

GERMAN girl (evening student) seeks congenial domestic post. Box 5654.

PERSONAL

CULTURED French family takes guests. Friendly atmosphere. Lovely house and garden in pretty country easy reach Paris. Very good heating. Terms moderate. Write Mdlle. Eggli, Boullarre par Betz, Oise, France.

DEVON. Pleas. home offd. for some help and a small contribution. Box 5586.

WANTED resident work for young wife, cook, care child. Accommodation for husband, own job Piccadilly. Box 5540.

SIAMESE kittens, excell. pedig. Hse.-trnd. Barfield, Widmer Farm, Seer Green, Bucks.

THREE Seats in car, share running expenses, tour Europe starting London three weeks hence. 62 Bolingbroke Rd., W.14.

SWITZERLAND. Personal party (Anglo-Jewish). Winter Sports about Jan. 24–Feb. 7. 4 to 6 beginners welc. Box 5689.

FOOTBALL and the Fine Arts. £3,000 prizes. Four classes: Paintings; Drawings and Water-Colours; Engravings and Lithographs; Sculptures. The subject to be a game of Association Football, in England, or any scene connected with it (e.g., the changing room, spectators, a club ground or stadium, portraits of individual players). No limitation on the artist's style. The jury will consist of Sir Philip Hendy, Mr. Philip James, Sir Edward Marsh, Mr. Raymond Mortimer and Sir John Rothenstein. Write to the Football Association, 22 Lancaster Gate, W.2, for full particulars and entry form. Entry forms due December 31, 1952. Entries to be submitted by March 31, 1953.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

EXPRESS Yourself in saleable writing. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.I. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17, Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

VITAMIN B. Your full daily requirement of essential B vitamins is provided by one dessertspoonful of pleasant-tasting Vita-Yeast. From Chemists, 3s. and 5s. 6d.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36, Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey. Excellent present.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

FINHAUT.—Winter Sports for adults and children at lovely Swiss village. Accompanied parties or individual travel. C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Tel. 256.

WILL welfare-officers, club-leaders, etc., who are interested in inexpensive summer holidays for adults in Austria & Switzerland without night travel, now contact E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

FOR overworked business people the relaxing and stimulating effect of Nerve Manipulation is invaluable. A reintegrating treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

WINTER Painting Classes. Three professional artists invite you to the new painting term at their Fitzroy Street studio, W.1. comm. Jan 4. Enrolment and fees Wed., Dec. 31, Thurs., Jan. 1, Fri., Jan. 2, Sat. Jan. 3, between 4 p.m. & 7 p.m. Box 5583.

GOOD home offered for Grand Piano. Every care taken by professional musicians. Write Box 5660.

PERSONAL—*continued*

A VERY Merry Christmas to Frances, Nat, John, Maisie, Bobby, Erica, Nannie, Muriel, Ronald, Suzanne, John, Rosamund, Henry, John, Nikki, Crieff, Pam, Willi, Simone, Marjorie, Donald, George, Joan, John, Elma, Eva, Noreen, Simon, Hylda, Jill, Norah, Miriam, Eileen, Jack, Michael, Evelyn, Ernest, Beryl, Hans, Lorna, Harry, Nina, Harry, Eve, Maurice, Jo, Howard, Pixie, John and, of course, all the children. From Enid, Hank, B. A. and Adam.

CHRISTMAS & New Year Greetings to all those who have enjoyed an "Erna Low Holiday" in Britain or abroad.

A REAL Victorian Pantomime in your own home! George Speaight is available to give Toy Theatre performances for adult or children's parties this Christmas. 6 Maze Road, Kew. RIChmond 3757.

COME and see the New Year in with us! Vacancies at our Winkfield Place house party near Windsor from Dec. 29 or special New Year's Eve arrangements. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

FOR your Friends who love France—A Gift Suggestion. Why not send a few bottles of those delicious little Beaujolais Wines? Averys of Bristol (Estab. 1793) have an unrivalled list. Write for booklet "Wines You Can Afford" to 7 Park Street, Bristol.

WINTER Sports bargains! Join one of our parties to Lech, Kitzbühel or Alpbach and benefit by the 20 per cent. reduction on cable railways, ski-lifts and ski-school. Departures January 3, 10, 17 and 31. 16 days' inclusive holiday from £29 15s.; £14 spending money. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WINTER Sports—for details of delightful, informal parties to Austria from 27½ guineas for 16 days, apply to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. (NS), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

CONFERENCES and Summer Schools. Accommodation for up to 70 people will be available at Wiston House, near Steyning, Sussex, during certain periods in 1953. Board and lodging £4 15s. per person per week (sharing bedrooms). Special rates for week-end schools. Wiston House, a beautiful Tudor Manor with all modern conveniences, is situated immediately below Chanctonbury Ring. It is within easy reach of Brighton and Worthing. Applications should be addressed to: Est. and Org. Department, Foreign Office, Room 221, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

HOSPITALITY and care offered for convalescence or for the aged. Lovely house—lounge 24 ft. Hampstead 2281.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. Send P.O. 15s. for complete course: M.A. Educational Service (NSN), 119 Brent St., London, N.W.4.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 4657.

WHAT Shall We Do With Our Lives? Holiday Conference for Juniors (12–16). Dec. 31–Jan 13, Bradnor Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Opened by Julian Duguid. New Year Party, square dancing, outdoor treasure hunt, trip to Oxford and Blenheim Palace, Theatre parties, "woodcraft" activities, etc. Full details from Secretary. Checkendon 221.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

CAPITAL obtainable by re-mortgage at 4½ per cent. Andrews & Partners, 15 Strand, W.C.2. Trafalgar 3366.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with lic. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1/gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

P.S.—A Merry Christmas to all readers, even those not now at Bretaye or Obergurgl. No doubt a pleasant, though inferior, time may still be enjoyed elsewhere.

P.P.S.—Have you sent a card to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow, for his 1953 program?

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

FOR girls first studying in London after leaving school: Private house run under direction of owner as small Residential Club has 2 vacancies after Xmas. Box 5366.

LONDON. Superior guest house, 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15s.

WEEKLY, doubles from 5gns., including brkfst. Hotel Service, W.2. PAD. 8406.

TO let bed-sit.-rm., gas ring, bkfst., various amenities provided. Quiet open-air district, good transport facils. Another bedsit. avail. mid.-Jan. Ring SPE. 8508.

2 bus. women wish a third to share Regents Park area flat, rent approx. 35s. wk. ea. 'Phone PRI. 4400. Martin, Smith, Ramsden.

BACHELOR offers to another (orth. Jewish, age 30-40) accom. in mod. block St. John's Wood. Ref. exchanged. PRI. 3106/3244.

MUSWELL Hill. Very large bed-sit., fine view. Cooking stove, meter. Two minutes bus and Highgate Woods. TUDor 3160.

PLEASANT, comf. furn. room. Bus. lady/student. 1st flr. S. Kens. FRE. 2881.

DIVAN rooms—suitable artists, writers, students. Quick access London. Gas fires, meters. 35s. to 45s. Ring WIM. 0268.

EXCHANGE spacious riverside flat, Georgian. 3/4 rooms. Balcony on to lovely garden, Thames. Excellent storage/workshops. Central heating, c.h.w. Nr. Richmond. Wanted similar flat house, pref. Chelsea, Regents Park or pleasant area. Box 5629.

QUIET Gold Coast post-graduate student seeks furnished bed-sitting room from January 1. Bath and cooking facilities. Own linen if desired. No board. Box 5663.

BACHELOR (26) music-lover with record collection seeks furnished bed-sitter with cooking facilities. Lewisham-Blackheath area preferred. Box 5593.

WANTED urgently, London, unfurn./part furn. accommodation; child two, another due March. Willing housekeep, cook, child mind, anything. Box 5448.

WANTED. One room flatlet, vicinity W.2, pref. unfurn. Box 5628.

BACHELOR, foreign-born, British, sks. unfurn. or furn. s.-c. flat or accom. with use kit., bathrm.; or wd. share flat. Pref. N.W. London. Refs. provided. Box 5579.

SCHOOLS

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies from 1953 considered. H. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5–15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

GOOD manners, sound education, happy home for boys over three at Staddles, Chute Lodge, Near Andover.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

SAVE 10s. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

DUREX Gloves, finger stalls and all surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fierling, 54 Wardour St., London, W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: 2 Volumes Doré Gallery. Encyclopædia Britannica Year Books 1939–1940, 15s. each; German Linguaphone, £7 10s.; Violin & Bow, £5; Fortiphone Deaf Aid, bone and ear pieces, new, half price; Viceroy Electric Dry Shaver, 50s. or offer; Evening Clothes (tails), 3 white waistcoats, excellent condition, famous tailor, 5ft. 6½, chest 37, waist 26, £10.

WANTED: Borkenau: Communist International; Socialist literature.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex Mon.), 7.0 Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. Mat. Boxing Day, 2.30. "Maria Marten." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. 10.30 (ex. Mon.), Sun. 9.10. "In the Picture," an intimate late-night Revue. Mems. 5s. year.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 21: Rosellini's "Open City" (A). From Dec. 22: Group 1's "Brandy for the Parson" (U); "Waverley Steps" (U).

PROPHET'S Pal. Adv. 3351. Sun., Dec. 21, 7.30. "Le Garçon Sauvage" (X) (France).

THE Hungarian Club announces a gay New Year's Eve Party (Szilveszter Est) Wednesday, December 31, 8 p.m. Entertainments, Music, Dancing. Hungarian food and wines. Tickets for members and friends 4s. Admission at door 5s. Obtainable in advance from the Secretary, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

Y.P.C. of the J.N.F. present a 'Gala New Year's Eve Dinner and Ball at the Empire Rooms, Tottenham Court Rd., on Wed. Dec. 31. Dancing to Claude Cavalotti & his Orchestra and to Dor Phillipe and his Samba Band, 7.30 to 1 a.m. Tombola, Carnival Novelties, Square Dancing. Tkts., incl. Dinner & Buffet, £2 12s. 6d., from Miss S. Sensilive, 31 St. Marks St., E.1. ROYal 5852.

NEW Year's Dance. St. Marylebone Fabian Society and Labour Party. Saturday, January 3, 8-12 p.m., at Railway Hotel, 100 West End Lane, near West Hampstead Tube Station, 28, 59, 159 buses: tickets 4s. 6d. at door; guests welcome.

GRAND Xmas Eve Dance. Refreshments proceeds dependants of resisters in South Africa. Chenil Galleries, next Chelsea Town Hall. 7.30-12 p.m. Dble. 7s. 6d. Single 4s. 6d.

W.E.A. New Year's Eve Party. (Dancing, etc.) Wed., Dec. 31, 7.30—midnight at Art Worker's Guild Hall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Tkts. 3s. 6d. from Ldn. Cent. W.E.A., 268 Russell Court, W.C.1 (s.a.e. please).

HAMPSTEAD B.S.F.S. Xmas Party. Square dancing, Games, Russian songs, Bulgarian dancing. Adm. 2s. 6d. including refreshments. Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Road, N.W.3, nr. Hampstead Station. Saturday, December 20, 7.30 p.m. Come early!

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League (Central London Branch). Grand Christmas Dance. Sat., Dec. 20, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 5s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. New Year's Eve Party, Loudoun Road, N.W.8. Admission 10s. 6d., includes refreshments, punch, prizes. All particulars from: Margaret Johnstone, 198 Sunnyhill Road, South Harrow, Middx. Tel. BYR. 5097.

CONCERTS

WIGMORE Hall. Monday, Jan. 5 at 7 p.m. Concert of Works by eight Composers who have studied with Alan Bush. Artists: Aleph Quartet, Cynthia Gray, Margaret Ratchin, Christine Winters, John Glickman, Gervase de Peyer, Aubrey Bowman, Gwendoline Mellings, and the W.M.A. Singers, conductor Bernard Stevens. Programme includes Herbert Murrill String Quartet. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s. Unres. 2s. 6d. from Wigmore Hall.

EXHIBITIONS

SPANISH Artists For Peace. Oils, watercolours, lithos, etc., including works as tribute to Spanish poet Lorca. "Archer Gallery," 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Buses 15-52. Stn. Notting Hill Gate. Open till Dec. 31. Mon. to Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Charming Small Works by English and French Artists. Closing Dec. 24.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Francis Bacon. Paintings by F. L. Rolphe, Trompe l'oeils and Flowers by Richard Chopping. Until Jan. 2.

ROYAL College of Art. Painting, Sculpture, Graphic Design. R.W.S. Galls., Conduit St. W.1. Dec. 10-31. Wk. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Graham Sutherland. Ideas & Studies for Festival Painting "The Origins of the Land." Keith Vaughan. Retrospective Oils & Gouaches, Contemporary French & English lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VII, incl. paintings by Degas, Renoir, Canaletto, Wilson, Courbet, Corot, Picasso, etc. Dly. 9.30-6. Sat 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhibition. Oils, Water Colours, Sculpture, 10-5. Excluding Sunday.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Lithographs—Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso (1952), Vuillard, Chagall, etc. Also Redouté "Roses" and Thornton "Temple of Flora."

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture by Kenneth Armitage. Pottery by James Tower. Pen and Ink Drawings by Scottie Wilson.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Small Print—Raoul Dufy's "Ascot: 1935"—now ready, 11s. 1d. inc. tax, from all good printsellers. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free from Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

IMPERIAL Institute Gallery, Contemporary Ceylonese Painting, Exhib. extd. to Dec. 23. Dly. 10-4.30, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2.30-6.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Work by Artists of Abbey Art Centre, New Barnet. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries. Until Dec. 27. Paintings & Drawings. Dutch, English and French. 17 Irving St., Leicester Square.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

JAMES Robertson talks on Mozart's "Il Seraglio," and Marion Studholme, Rowland Jones and Stanley Clarkson sing excerpts from the opera at Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue (nr. Sadler's Wells), Monday, Dec. 29, 7.30. Admission free.

THE Teaching of Handwriting: Speakers: Wilfrid Blunt, Art Master Eton College and Miss V. Johnson, formerly Headmistress Marlborough Infants and Wornington Rd. County Secondary Schools. Chairman: Robin Tanner, H.M.I. Open Meeting arranged by the Society for Education in Art at King's College, Strand, W.C.2, in Large Theatre, at 2.30 p.m., on Monday, January 5, 1953.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 21, H. L. Beales, M.A. "Machine versus Man." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

"THE Ethics of Gambling." Address by the Rev. Philip Cohen at Sunday Service, December 21, at 11.30 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opposite Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

THEOSOPHY Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Dec. 21, "Great Spiritual Teachers." Dec. 28, "The Source of Religions." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "The Man in the Street." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, December 21, at 11 a.m.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, Dec. 19, 7.15 p.m. Dr. C. O. Carter, B.A., M.R.C.P., "Eugenics."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"ECONOMIC Prospect for Britain." Weekend School. Jan. 2-4, 1953, at Middleton-on-Sea, Bognor Regis, with Douglas Jay, M.P., H. D. Hughes, Dudley Seers. Parties: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

BURTON Manor College, Burton, Wirral, Cheshire. Short Residential Courses, 341: January 9-11, The Countryside in Winter. 343: January 12-16, Art and Communication. 346: January 25-30, Crafts Course. 347: February 1-6, Appreciation of Music. 349: February 8-13, Producing the Play. 352: February 22-27, Britain Today: Our Changing Schools. 354: February 27-March 1: Film Week-end. 11 Documentary Films. 358: March 15-20, Survey of Local Government. Details of these and other courses are available on request from: The Warden, Burton Manor College, Burton in Wirral, Cheshire.

SQUARE Dancing and its Tradition. John Glaister. Jan. 23-25, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

LONDON University and other exams.; University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Educ. exam. (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

TOUCH-typing and or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

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